"The Price She Paid," by Amelia E. Barr, on Page 16.

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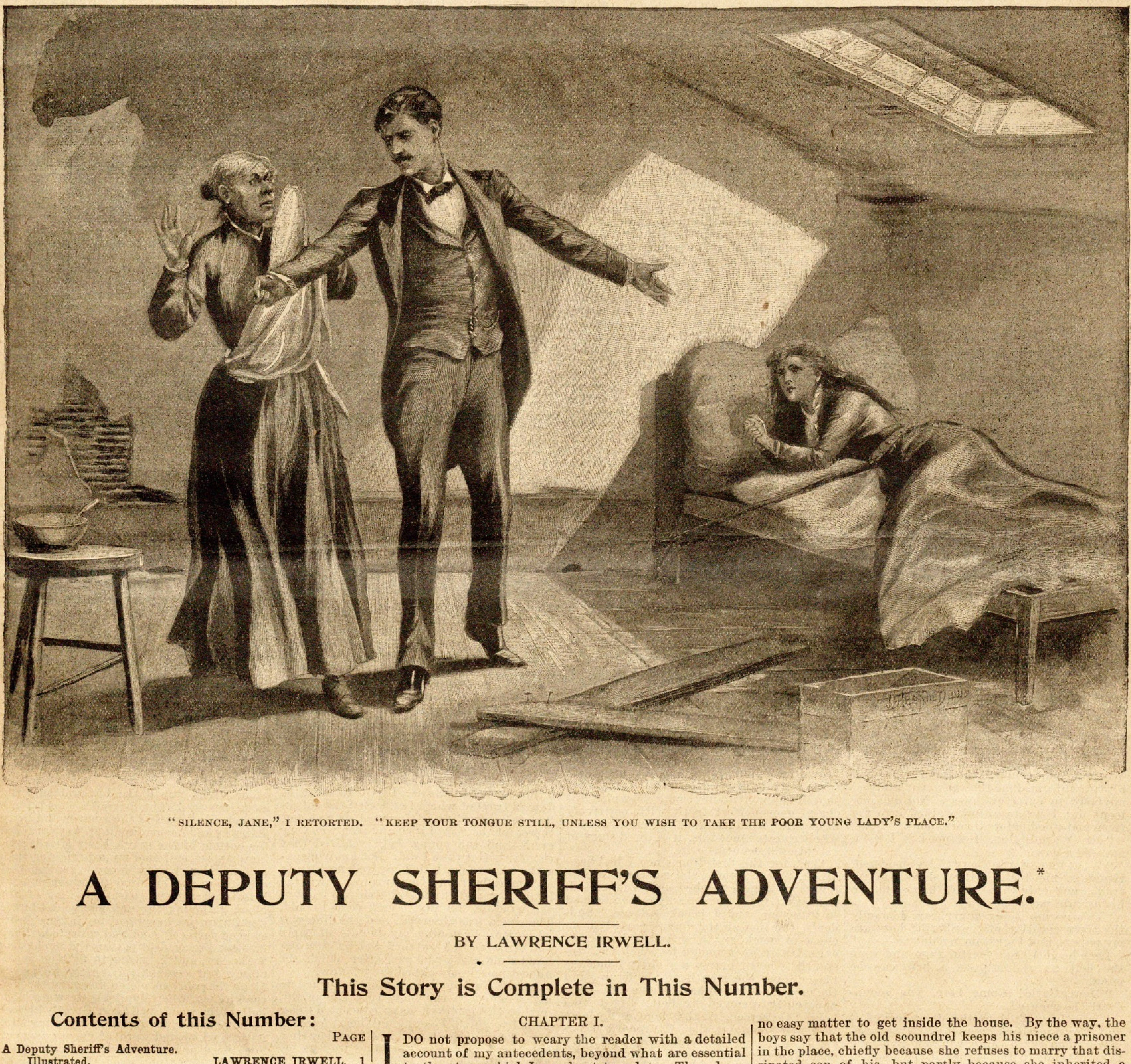

"SILENCE, JANE," I RETORTED. "KEEP YOUR TONGUE STILL, UNLESS YOU WISH TO TAKE THE POOR YOUNG LADY'S PLACE."

A DEPUTY SHERIFF'S ADVENTURE.*

BY LAWRENCE IRWELL.

This Story is Complete in This Number.

Contents of this Number:

PAGE
A Deputy Sheriff's Adventure. Illustrated. LAWRENCE IRWELL. 1
In Search of Gold. (5th installment.) COLIN MIDDLETON. 4
A Hint From the Sparrows: A Poem. NATHAN D. URNER. 5
Willful Penelope. (9th installment.) EFFIE ADELAIDE ROWLANDS. 6
Darby, the Bear-Hunter of Alaska. (10th installment.) SEWARD W. HOPKINS. 7
A Legend Without a Tragedy: A Poem. 9
Russian Poetry. SOPHIE FRIEDLAND. 9
Editorials, etc. 10
The Greatest Gold Camp on Earth. FRANK A. ROOT. 10
The Dark Stranger. Illustrated. (2nd installment.) JOHN R. MUSICK. 11
My Own: A Poem. REV. ALEXANDER B. JACK. 13
Children All Over the World.—Correspondence.—Science. 14
Woman's World. 14
The Price She Paid. AMELIA E. BARR. 16
A Backwoods Story. Illustrated. W. THOMSON. 18

CHAPTER I.

I DO not propose to weary the reader with a detailed account of my antecedents, beyond what are essential to the story which I am about to relate. There have been ups and downs in the lives of a great many of us, and, difficult as it is to bear troubles of an ordinary character, it is still harder to bear those which are due to our own folly.

My father placed me in a lawyer's office in the city of Buffalo, where I might have done very well; but, unfortunately, like many other fairly intelligent young men, I fell into bad company, and eventually so far disgraced myself that the firm for which I was working ordered me to leave the office and never enter it again. My father would not help me, and having no means of existence, I was finally compelled to apply to the Sheriff of Erie County for a position as deputy-sheriff, and here my story commences.

"George," said my chief to me on the third day of last July, "I want you to go out to that queer-looking old house where old Watson Warmington lives. You know it, of course; it 's four miles north of the place where the trolley cars stop. Here 's an execution obtained against the old man by Butler Brothers for money loaned a couple of years ago. There is no doubt, I think, that the amount will be paid very soon after you have managed to take possession; but, from previous experience, I know that it 's no easy matter to get inside the house. By the way, the boys say that the old scoundrel keeps his niece a prisoner in the place, chiefly because she refuses to marry that dissipated son of his, but partly because she inherited a fortune from her father, the interest of which her uncle controls, as guardian, until she comes of age. Of course, this may be all gossip, and I merely mention it to give you some idea of the character of the man with whom you will have to deal."

I put my pistol in my pocket, packed a very small grip, and went by the trolley car as far as it would take me. Then I walked about four miles to the Warmington residence. Reaching the front door, I rang the bell, although I did not expect anybody to answer it. To my surprise, however, a very dirty-looking Italian put his head out of a window, and almost roared:

"Vat do yer vant?"

At the same moment a dog, evidently a big dog, began to growl and bark just inside the door. I certainly did not feel particularly comfortable, but, once inside the place, I was confident that I could hold my own by simply displaying my revolver.

"I want Mr. Warmington—the elder one. Is he at home?" I asked.

"Dunno," was all the reply I received.

"Well, come down and stop the row that dog's making;" and as I said these words, I held up a new five-dollar bill for the dago's inspection.

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"Dunno if he at home," answered the man.

"Oh, you're not a fool. Come down and hear what I have to say to you."

I believe the man, enticed by the money, was about to come to the door, but at this moment another person, evidently the owner, put his head out of the same window, and shouted, in a shrill voice:

"I never allow anybody to enter my house. Anything you have to say you can tell me now."

"I'm the representative of the Sheriff of Erie County, Mr. Warmington. Here is an execution issued at the order of the Court."

"The Sheriff be hanged!" was the answer, the head being then withdrawn and the window closed with a bang.

My scheme being obviously frustrated, as far as bribing the servant was concerned, I determined to concoct some other plan of campaign. Walking away from the house, I was doing my utmost to think of some method of carrying out my orders, when I noticed a cart, half full of what was evidently laundry, coming up the hill, the only occupant being a somewhat stout old woman. I stood still, and when the vehicle reached me, I asked the old lady where Mr. Warmington lived, feeling sure that she must be going to that house, as there are no others so far out of the city.

"I'm agoin' to old Warmin'ton's," she said, "and it's the very last time as I shall go there. They've not paid me a cent for six months. Jump up here and I'll drive you to the gate. They never lets nobody into the house. What is it you're after?" Here was my chance. The old dame had no love for the Warmingtons, so I told her who I was, and handed her the five-dollar bill which I had shown to the Italian. "When we reach the top of the hill, you crouch in this empty space next my seat, Mr. Deputy. Keep well covered up with the rugs, and don't speak a word. I shall drive to the side-door; and when I ring, that ugly dago will come out and help me to take the baskets inside. Watch your opportunity when he's out of sight. I know of no other way of getting in, 'specially as you've told the boss what you want."

When we arrived at the side-door, the woman got down and rang the bell. At once, an upper window opened, and Mr. Warmington's shrill voice said:

"It's only Mrs. Berkeley with the laundry. Carlo, chain up 'Nelson,' and help the woman to bring in the bundles. I've no money for her to-day."

I began to feel nervous as to the success of my trick, but I was not kept long in suspense. The Italian soon came out, and he and Mrs. Berkeley took a large basket from the back of the cart. I waited until they had disappeared down a passage, and then, hurriedly alighting, I noiselessly slipped in after them.

Thinking that the dog might be unchained at any moment, I boldly walked upstairs, and, upon reaching the first floor, came face to face with an open door. The room into which I was looking was a beautifully furnished if somewhat old-fashioned parlor, and in an easy-chair an old gentleman, attired in a very shabby dressing-gown, sat reading a newspaper. His face was distinctly repulsive, having all the marks of natural bad passions, somewhat aggravated by excessive indulgence in liquor. This was, unquestionably, Mr. Warmington, senior, the man who had already informed me that he never allowed anybody to enter his house. Not one moment did I hesitate, but walked into the room and stood before its occupant.

"Mr. Warmington, I suppose," I said, making a bow.

"What do you want here?" he answered, rising to his feet. "How dare you intrude, not only in a man's house, but in his private parlor?"

"It's no use being angry, sir; I'm only the representative of the Sheriff; here are my papers, and I must do my duty."

Then he got into a fearful rage, and rang the bell as violently as a bell can be rung.

"Here, Carlo! Come here, you scoundrel!" he shouted.

I quietly walked to the door, locked it and placed my back against it. Mr. Warmington then seized a club, which he appeared to have kept in the corner of the room in case of emergency, and shaking it at me, he screamed:

"Unlock the door and get out of the way, or I'll smash—"

"You had better not try that game," I interrupted, pulling my revolver out of my pocket, "for I can play at it quite as well as you can. Now, sir," I continued, "what have you to gain by getting into a rage with me? I'm merely an agent, and I am obliged to do what I'm told. Pay the amount named in the execution, and I'll leave your house at once."

"I don't owe those rascals a cent; they're thieves, and the Sheriff's in league with them to rob me!" he hissed. "I'll not pay a dollar, and I'll throw you out of the window!" After this outbreak he seemed to calm down and become a little more reasonable. Finally he said: "I'm really hard up; my son is so horribly extravagant. The money shall be paid—as I must pay it, or lose my goods—within ten days. Tell me, though, how on earth did you succeed in getting in?"

"Everything is fair in love or war—or law—Mr. Warmington," I responded. "I decline to tell you my exact method, but I will say that your man, the Italian, did not assist me."

"Ah! I'm glad he's not a traitor," replied the old gentleman.

"Now, Mr. Warmington, please understand that I'm an officer of the law with a duty to perform. Give me a comfortable bed and feed me well, and I shall neither disturb you nor any of your household."

At this juncture, the old man put down his club and rang the bell, gently this time. An old woman, whom I had not seen before, hobbled into the apartment when Mr. Warmington opened the door.

"This person," said he, "Mr. —— (here I supplied my name—Mowat) will be here for a few days, Jane. Show him the green room, in which he is to sleep, and give him three meals a day—and no more—in the kitchen. Oh, before you go, I want to say to you, Mr. Mowat, that I am easily disturbed at night, and that I dislike noise after ten o'clock. Besides, my dog, Nelson, has the free run of the whole house after that hour, in order to frighten burglars away, and, as he is very savage, you would do well to stay in your room from ten in the evening till seven in the morning."

"That is not consistent with my duty, sir," I retorted. "Would it not be advisable, in order to avoid all risk, to keep your dog chained up all night?" and as I said these words, I carelessly laid my hand upon my hip-pocket.

"Yes, perhaps it would," he now responded, having evidently taken the hint. "Jane, tell Carlo to keep Nelson chained up at night for the present."

Now, thought I, if this old man supposes that he can remove his goods and chattels without my knowledge by simply telling me a savage-dog story, he's much mistaken, and I fancy he's already found out his delusion.

Nevertheless, I resolved to exercise the utmost caution and to keep moving around the house all night. The room allotted for my use was one story above the ground floor and, as far as I could tell, was away from those occupied by the other inmates, who seemed to consist of the owner, Carlo and Jane. As yet I had never set eyes on Mr. Warmington junior, and my anxiety to prevent anything being smuggled out of the house had caused me to forget all about the imprisoned niece, whose story my boss had casually mentioned to me. What sleep I took was chiefly by snatches in the day time, while my nights were passed sitting in an arm-chair, reading a book.

For the first three nights nothing out of the ordinary happened. On the fourth, everything passed in the ordinary way until the clock struck twelve. I had been reading, and having become drowsy, was more asleep than awake. On one side of the room, opposite the center-table at which I was sitting, was a wardrobe with a large mirror in it, while behind me was the door, shielded by a handsome screen. The noise of the clock seemed to have aroused me, and I was then in the semi-conscious state which usually follows what I am in the habit of calling "sixty winks." The lamp (there was no gas) was giving a very poor light, but by its flickering and fast-decreasing flame there stood revealed, in the looking-glass before me, a haggard female face. There could be really no doubt about the fact; the owner of the face was staring at me, her body being behind the screen, with her neck stretched around the end of it. Long, dark-brown hair hung over the deadly white face; the blue eyes glittered with an almost superhuman brilliancy; and the white lips closed over perfect teeth, with positively desperate resolution. Distorted as the whole countenance was, it showed signs of exceptional beauty.

Then, for the first time since I had been at Mr. Warmington's, the existence of the imprisoned niece flashed across my mind. After that, for a moment, my reason seemed to leave me, and I became dazed. Suddenly the lips of the figure parted in an effort to speak, and a very thin hand was extended in an attempt to touch me. Instantly a large, brown and dirty hand was placed over the mouth of the figure, and the lady—for it must have been a lady—was apparently removed by being lifted from behind the screen. At that moment my lamp so nearly went out that the room was virtually in darkness. Jumping to my feet, I rushed to the door, knocking over the table and the screen in my haste. I searched all the passages as well as I could, and then returned for my lamp. But even with a good light, I could not find any trace of anybody, and it was with decidedly unpleasant sensations that I returned to my arm-chair. There I sat, watching and listening, all night; but nothing further occurred. The following day I scrutinized every action of Carlo and of Jane at meal times, and there was nothing in their behavior to indicate that anything unusual had taken place during the night. Of course, I could not follow either of them about all day, so I was uncertain as to whether they knew of what had happened to me or not. I never saw Mr. Warmington, unless I met him by accident in the hallways, and then he never spoke to me, but only scowled.

Thinking that it would be unwise to ask any questions, I kept my own counsel, determined, nevertheless, to unravel the mystery. Having no belief in the supernatural, I arrived at the conclusion that the story of the imprisoned niece must be, at any rate, partially true, since, if the appearance of the haggard face was merely a trick to frighten me away from the house, there was no occasion for the use of the dirty hand which had evidently prevented the lady from speaking to me. But was the whole thing a delusion upon my part? A mere figment of a brain worn out by want of sufficient sleep? I felt very confident that this was not the case, although we do imagine all kinds of strange things when we are overtired.

So anxious did I become to ascertain all about my mysterious visitor that I almost forgot my duties as deputy-sheriff. I really did not know what to do, and I waited all day in a perfect fever of excitement for some clue to turn up.

In the evening, about ten o'clock, I was leaning out of my window, watching the bats, when some small pieces of some white cotton or woolen material fluttered past me, evidently thrown from above. Looking up, I saw, attached to a line made of innumerable pieces of some light-colored fabric tied together, a handkerchief, with one knot in the center. I could also see a hand motioning to me to take the handkerchief. I instantly seized it and untied it, the line being then pulled up, and the hand being drawn back into the open window. I next lighted the lamp to ascertain what the handkerchief contained, and upon opening it, discovered that, while it enclosed nothing, it was covered with writing in large letters, traced, I thought, with a burned stick. With great difficulty I deciphered the writing, after carefully going over each word twice. This is what it said:

> "Pray help an unfortunate girl, imprisoned in the room exactly above yours next the roof.
>
> "GERTRUDE WARMINGTON."

Immediately the whole story became clear to me. Mr. Warmington intended to keep his niece a prisoner until she agreed to marry his worthless, profligate son, when her fortune would relieve both the old man and the boy of their difficulties. As I have already mentioned, I had not myself, up to that time, been a particularly reputable member of society, but my chief offense had consisted merely of an incessant desire to play poker, and the very idea of such villainy as keeping a girl a prisoner made my blood boil. I wondered if these scoundrels were starving her to death by slow degrees. They were certainly capable of doing it, if it would enable them to get her money. But how was I to help her? The printed regulations, a copy of which is given to every deputy-sheriff upon his appointment, forbade my leaving the premises; and, supposing that I broke this rule in order to fetch assistance, by what process could I again enter the house? Moreover, if old Warmington saw me go out, he would suspect the cause of my departure, and would probably remove the young lady to some other place. Open violence was simply out of the question, because the Italian and his employer could, between them, easily overpower me; and it was possible that the young Warmington lived in the house, although I had not seen him. What should I do? The first thing to do was to devise some method of communicating with my fair and ill-treated correspondent. It occurred to me that unless prevented, she would be watching for a reply to her communication. I accordingly wrote upon a leaf torn from my pocket-book:

> "Tell me how I can help you. Am deputy-sheriff on duty here. Will do anything you suggest. GEORGE MOWAT."

Rolling this note up with a number of pieces of blank paper, and a few yards of string for her future use, I went to the window in front of which I expected the cotton line to be waiting. Of course, it was not there, for the risk of its being seen was very great—and the young lady realized that risk far better than I did. Not knowing exactly what to do, I tied my red necktie to my umbrella, and, after turning down the lamp, I waved it several times in front of the window, holding it as high as I could. The signal was observed, and the line was let down. Fastening my bundle of paper and string to it, I watched until I saw her hand remove the package, after which, she almost noiselessly closed the window.

In half an hour I once more returned to my window in the hope that she might, during the interval, have concocted some plan by which I could aid her. Again I waved my decorated umbrella and again a note was let down in the same way as before. This is what it said:

> "I am kept a prisoner until I either agree to marry Mr. Warmington junior, whom I detest, or to transfer my property to him and his father. Have been here, I think, for three years. It seems like thirty. They often threaten to put me in a lunatic asylum; and sometimes I feel as if I really were insane. Surely the District Attorney would assist in freeing me from these wretches if you communicated with him. I cannot suggest any plan, but I entreat you not to desert me. Previous to the night that I succeeded in reaching your room, I was only confined to this floor, but since then I have been locked in this room. Shall expect reply in half an hour. Be cautious. G. W."

After some consideration, I concluded that I had succeeded in devising a plan that was practicable, and I determined to try it without delay. It certainly involved a direct violation of my duty as the Sheriff's deputy, and it also required a great deal of care and boldness. I felt, however, that the extreme importance of the case would insure me lenient treatment at my chief's hands, although a breach of duty is, as a rule, severely punished—often by dismissal. My last message, forwarded in the same way as before, read:

> "Be ready at midnight to-morrow—as near as you can guess—while your uncle is probably asleep. Try to keep up your courage and leave the rest to me. G. M."

In my walks about the house I had discovered an unoccupied room on the same floor as Miss Warmington's—the story next the roof—and this apartment was full of odds and ends, including a number of tools. From the window of this attic I could get onto the roof, and from there I felt sure that I should be able to let myself down to the window-sill of the young lady's room.

Carefully watching my opportunity during the following day, I visited the apartment in which the tools were, and took possession of a well-made screw-driver. I need hardly say that the time passed very slowly between this (Monday) morning and midnight, principally because a new danger had presented itself to my mind, viz.: Notwithstanding what the old man had said to me about being disturbed, I knew from observation that he was in the habit of going out at about 9:30 and returning at half-past one. What he did in the meantime, I could only guess, but his appearance upon his return gave me the impression that he passed the interval in drinking. Twelve o'clock, however, was an hour and a half earlier than I had ever known him to come back.

At 11:35 I left my room and crept upstairs on hands and knees. I did not in the least fear the dog, as I knew that Mr. Warmington, having taken my hint, had kept him chained up in the kitchen, where he could not possibly hear the slight sound which I made. The next fifteen minutes were moments of great anxiety and suspense to me. Reaching the roof, I stretched myself at full length and waved my red tie in front of what I believed to be the unfortunate girl's window, which was then silently opened. Without difficulty I let myself down and climbed in.

The first thing that I noticed was that the fair captive seemed greatly alarmed and trembled violently. Of course, this was not a matter for surprise, but it certainly added to the danger of being foiled in the attempt to escape. Seizing one of my hands, she whispered some words of thanks, which, I confess, greatly pleased me, although my mind was concentrated upon the difficulties of the situation. By a fortunate accident the hinges of the door were on the inside, and as the screws were old and rusty, I got them out with little trouble. To my astonishment, however, upon opening the door, I found that, instead of being in the corridor, we were in another room. I dared not use any force on account of the noise; and, indeed, the second door was of so strong a character that breaking it open was simply an impossibility. But again luck favored me, the twelve screws being on the inside, and much the worse for wear. At length my work was concluded, and I whispered to Miss Warmington to put out the lamp. After listening for a few moments, we stepped out into the dark corridor, my companion leaning heavily on my left arm, while my right hand held my revolver. Now our chief danger was that as we descended the dog would hear us, and by his barking would arouse Carlo, the villainous-looking Italian. I proposed to get out by means of the wood-shed, which was reached from the kitchen, as I had previously satisfied myself that in less than a minute I could get the door which led from the yard to the shed off its hinges—if it was fastened with a lock as well as bolts.

The night was dark; but suddenly the moon emerged from behind a cloud, for a second, illuminating the somber and dirty stairway and its surroundings. As we reached the bottom of the stairs, I felt Miss Warmington start, and hold my arm tighter than before. Her grasp made my heart thump—I should say one hundred times a minute, at least—and a new sensation—that of the blood galloping through my veins—forced itself upon me, in spite of my intense desire to keep perfectly cool and collected. For a moment I seemed to possess the strength of a Sandow, and I longed to fight on behalf of my fair companion. Softly we passed along the polished, oaken floor, and through the kitchen, where I quickly drew back the bolts of the wood-shed door. Greatly pleased at our success, I turned to my companion with a whispered word of encouragement. She seized my right hand and, raising it to her lips, actually kissed it! Then I examined the door through which we were to reach the open air. Finding it locked, I took the screw-driver out of my pocket and removed all six screws. At the very moment when I was about to take Miss Warmington's arm, and lead her through the now open door, an unseen enemy struck me a tremendous blow upon the top of the head, driving me through the open doorway like a ball from a baseball bat, and felling me like a log on the gravel-walk beyond. At the same instant, I heard the poor young lady give a shriek, so piercing and heart-rending that I thought her reason must have passed away.

How long I lay insensible upon that cold walk I cannot say, but fifteen minutes must have been the limit. The probability seemed to be that my assailant was for the time being so fully occupied in securing his recaptured victim that he had no opportunity of inflicting any further injury upon me. When I regained consciousness, the moon was obscured by clouds, and the night was intensely dark.

Very sore about the head, and a good deal bruised by my fall upon the hard walk, pulled myself together as best I could, and endeavored to collect my thoughts. I knew not how to act for the best. Should I wait till dawn, then hasten to the city and procure help in rescuing the much-abused girl? For several reasons I abandoned this idea very quickly. The principal one was fear that the Sheriff would not believe my story, and would say that old Warmington had played a trick upon me in order to get rid of me. He might also accuse me of neglecting my duty in even attempting to leave the house. If Miss Warmington was really of age, as she supposed, what legal control could her rascally uncle have over her? What could I do to help her?

Thinking that Carlo might be looking for me, I decided to hide among the shrubs in the garden until I could contrive, by some process, to again get inside the house.

It was certainly well that I did seek this place of refuge, for in a few moments a young man, presumably Charles Warmington, the old man's son, came out of the front door with a lantern, of course to search for me. His walk very quickly showed me that I need not be afraid of him, as he must have been very far from sober. In less than ten minutes he again returned to the house without having caught a glimpse of me. By what method this young man, or Carlo, or old Warmington had discovered my scheme and frustrated it, I never was able to ascertain. I suspect, however, that it was purely an accident, or that the younger Warmington had happened to come home at a specially unfortunate hour for me and for the dear girl whom I was trying to free.

During my efforts to collect my thoughts, it occurred to me that the house was of very irregular build, and that by climbing up a gutter-pipe I could eventually reach the window of my own room. In the dark, for a man in a weak condition from loss of blood, this was quite a hazardous task. But what was I to do if the window had been fastened inside, in order to prevent my adopting this plan? Well, that was improbable—the old man and Carlo would be occupied in securing their prisoner in some upstairs room, and the boy was too drunk to think of anything except sleep. So I walked stealthily round to the woodshed and climbed upon its roof. When there, I decided to rest for a few moments, as I felt dreadfully faint from exhaustion and excitement. What a disgusting condition I was in—clothes soaked with mud from crawling in the shrubbery, hair saturated with blood, that had flowed quite freely from my wounded head, and my body one mass of bruises. What would be the result—not only to me, but also to Miss Gertrude—if what little strength I had gave out completely? I might lie for days on that roof, and might die long before anybody from the Sheriff's office would be sent to look for me! Yet not for one moment did a thought cross my mind of giving up the object I had in view—the release of Gert—I mean of Miss Warmington. Apart from all other questions, I felt a very marked desire to get even with the person who had injured my head. Naturally, I suspected Warmington junior, having seen him leave the house later with the lantern; still, the dago might have been my assailant.

A short rest and the fresh morning air having somewhat revived me, I succeeded in pulling myself up to the gutter-pipe, and at last reached my room, the window being, as I anticipated, open, exactly as I had left it. Locking the door without a moment's delay, I bathed my head and face, and threw myself down on the bed to rest my sore bones and tired head. Worn out as I was with fatigue and excitement, I could not help laughing at the surprise the Warmingtons and Carlo would experience during the course of the day, when they found that, in spite of all that had happened, Deputy-Sheriff Mowat was still in possession of the furniture and contents of the house.

And great indeed was the astonishment of Jane when, at about eight o'clock, I walked into the kitchen and asked for breakfast. The old dame did not utter a word about the previous night's events, but her wrinkled eyelids were raised, and her mouth was opened in a manner that showed the most profound wonder at my presence.

I did not think it at all likely that Miss Warmington still occupied the room next the roof exactly over mine, as, after all, old Warmington was by no means a fool, and he must have now learned by experience that this was by no means a safe place in which to imprison his victim. Besides, my signals failed to attract any attention, which convinced me either that the poor girl was watched all the time or that she was now incarcerated in some other part of the house. It appeared to me to be improbable that any attempt would be made to take her away from the Warmington residence, since her screams might attract sufficient attention to make an inquiry inevitable.

During the day, I walked casually about the house in the hope that I might find out something of value; and I very soon observed that the door of the staircase which led from the first floor (not the ground floor) to the upper stories was locked, which had not previously been the case, or I could never have visited the spare room where I found the screw-driver. As deputy-sheriff in charge of the furniture, etc., I had a legal right to visit every part of the house, yet I determined that it would be very unwise to hold any communication at present with either of the Warmingtons. It was certain, however, that some reason existed for locking the stairway door, and that reason, in my estimation, was the presence, on the top floor, of the unfortunate Miss Gertrude. These old houses, however, built upon the English plan, usually have a back staircase, and I lost no time in ascertaining where it was, without allowing Carlo or Jane to know what I was looking for. The way I argued with myself was simply this: If the old man has removed his niece from the house, would he lock a door to make me suppose that she was still upstairs, and thus put me off the scent? My final answer, after much thought, was "No." The old fellow drinks too much whisky to think of any such ruse.

At supper-time, quite accidentally, I made a new discovery of the greatest importance. I saw Jane put some food aside, as she supposed, unperceived; and as soon as she had eaten her meal she disappeared—with the viands, I supposed, although I was unable to see her actually carry anything out of the kitchen. Feeling very confident that the old woman was conveying some food—perhaps only dry bread and water—up the back stairs to Miss Warmington, I determined upon a plan that would, at any rate, enable me to find out where the poor girl was and how she was being treated.

But a surprise was in store for me. On the Wednesday morning the elder Mr. Warmington sent Carlo to tell me that he wanted to see me, and I immediately went to his room.

"Good morning, Mr. Mowat. I am sorry that your stay here has been so long; but that cannot be helped. I have been able to arrange my business with the Sheriff, and your presence here is no longer necessary. You will leave the house at once."

For a moment I was taken aback. I think the old man saw that I was in a dilemma, and he took advantage of it. Looking me full in the face, he waved his hand toward the door. In a moment, however, I managed to recover my equanimity.

"Mr. Warmington," I answered, "the rules of our office prevent my leaving any place of which I am in charge until I receive an official order to do so from the Sheriff."

"But I tell you," roared the now enraged old ruffian, "that half an hour since I myself mailed to the Sheriff a check for the amount of the execution and twenty dollars for his costs. The receipt for the amount will be here when Carlo fetches the mail on Friday morning. I again order you to leave my house, man!"

"The rule of the Sheriff's office," I retorted, "is never to accept checks, and yours will be returned to you with a notice that legal tender is required. I refuse to desert my post until the Sheriff's order reaches me, and should your check be accepted, that will come by Friday's morning mail."

"You were ready enough to desert your post for your own purposes on Monday night," he sneered. "And that reminds me to tell you that you have most impertinently interfered with my affairs, first by intruding yourself upon the privacy of a young lady, and secondly, in planning an elopement with her. I am charitable enough to assume that you were not aware that, although the young lady has lucid intervals, yet she is a dangerous lunatic, and restraint is essential to her own safety and that of others. Her father appointed me her guardian by his will; she is my niece. As you were misled by the poor child during one of her lucid intervals, I am willing to make allowance for your conduct. If this were not so, I should report your extraordinary behavior to the Sheriff, who would, doubtless, dismiss you. I hope that, as you are young, you will realize the very absurd position in which you placed yourself by interfering in what did not concern you, and that the trifling inconvenience you have suffered"—here he grinned and passed his hand over the top of his bald head—"may prove of service to you as a lesson for the future. One day more of your presence can be tolerated, I daresay; the Sheriff's order to you will certainly be here on Friday. Leave the room, sir, and try to behave yourself for the next forty-eight hours."

I walked out of the door in a half stupefied condition, and with a sensation akin to despair. My courage, however, soon returned, and I began to feel that my entire attention must be centered upon a final effort to release poor Miss Warmington, and that my duties as deputy-sheriff must take care of themselves for the present, whatever the consequences might be. Feeling a little bit dizzy, I rubbed my hand over the top of my head, as old Warmington had done, and the recollection of the abuse to which I had been subjected aroused me, and made me register a mental vow to free Miss Gertrude at any cost. That very night I would see her and learn from her own lips if her rascally old uncle had really any legal control over her. Surely the strong arm of the law was powerful enough to release her, if I could not do so by strategy! Yes, I would have an interview with her, however much that old brute, Warmington, might rave; and even if he told the Sheriff the whole story, and persuaded him that the poor girl was a lunatic, and that I was a rogue, I should have the satisfaction of being a martyr in a good cause—the cause of a beautiful woman in dire distress.

After leaving the old man's parlor, I went to my own bedroom, and, looking out of the window, saw what I had never seen before since I had been a guest at the Warmington residence—Carlo harnessing a horse to a two-wheeled cart, sometimes called a "dog-cart." To whom it belonged, I cannot say for certain, although I suppose that it must have been young Warmington's. Anyway, no secret was made of its presence and, unless it was the old man's property, I had no legal right to detain it. Then I began to consider if I could not make use of this vehicle, provided I could find the fair lady and could smuggle her out of the house. No doubt the boy had ordered his horse to be got ready, but nobody who has been as drunk as he was the night before ever gets up before noon, unless he is compelled to. It was now eleven o'clock, and I decided to go to the kitchen to make sure that Jane was really conveying food upstairs. After reading a newspaper for about half an hour, I saw Carlo sit down to dinner and devour his food in the same way as other Italians do. In ten minutes he had finished. Getting up from his chair, he took his hat from one peg and a leather grip, in which I had previously seen him bring provisions, from another. Then he went close up to Jane and whispered something in her ear. But the old woman, being slightly deaf, answered aloud:

"I didn't hear."

Then he whispered again, loud enough for me to hear these words:

"Keep your eye on the gun."

That, of course, meant "Watch this man, Mowat."

As soon as Carlo was well out of the house, I cautiously crept up the back stairs and tried the door on the first floor. As I expected, it was locked, and I retreated to one of those dark recesses which one often finds on the stairs of old houses. Here I did not fear discovery, for not only could no light reach the place, but old Jane's sight was also very defective. After the lapse of perhaps twenty minutes, I had the satisfaction of seeing the old dame, with a shawl over her head—to keep off draughts, I suppose—hobble up the stairs and past me. Then she stopped, stooped slowly down, being very rheumatic, and deposited the tray she was carrying upon the floor. Taking a key out of her pocket, she was about to unlock the door, when I came out of my hiding-place, and hastily covering her mouth with my hand (I learned that trick from Carlo the night he forcibly carried Miss Warmington from my room), I closed the door with my foot. Then, drawing my revolver with my left hand, I placed the cold steel to the old hag's ear, withdrawing my hand from her mouth at the same moment. I could hear her teeth chatter, and her knees were trembling.

"Take up your tray, old lady, and show me where Miss Warmington is," I said, in as loud a tone as I dared speak; "and do not scream, or I'll blow your brains out!"

"The boss 'll kill me if I do," she replied.

"Nothing of the sort," I retorted. "He 'll never know, unless you tell him yourself. But I shall find her myself, now that I have you in my power, so you may as well give me as little trouble as possible."

Then she reached down to pick up her tray, at the same time trying to get her mouth near the keyhole; but I was too quick for her. Being now thoroughly angry, I seized her wrist, exclaiming:

"You mean old 'cat, listen to me, and do as I tell you at once, or you don't leave this stairway alive! I know all about the shameful rascality that is being practiced in this house. Poor Miss Warmington is forcibly detained somewhere upon the top floor. She 's no more insane than I am. On Friday I shall probably leave here, and I'll move heaven and earth to put the District-Attorney on the track, so that she may be released and her captors punished. I know her uncle's motive—he wants her money. But he 'll get none of it, and you'll all of you land in the penitentiary for illegally imprisoning this unfortunate girl. Take me to her at once, if you value your life!"

After many threats and various expostulations, she led the way, every movement being watched by me; for I believed that she would yet play me false if she got half a chance.

To my dying day I shall never forget the sight which presented itself on my entering Miss Warmington's wretched apartment. Stretched on a narrow cot, lay the beautiful but haggard and emaciated girl, dressed as I had seen her on the previous Monday night, but with a stout leather trunk-strap buckled tightly round her waist, a rope being tied to this strap and passed round one of the legs of the cot, in such a manner as to effectually prevent poor Gertrude from moving, except within a very limited space, upon the cot. From this room at the top of the house, it was virtually impossible to make anybody outside hear any shouting, even had the dear girl been strong enough to give a loud scream.

Old Jane, noticing me start when I entered the room, began to whimper:

"It 's none o' my fault, and I couldn't a-helped it; I 'm too old and feeble. It's all the boss and Mr. Charley's doing."

"Silence, Jane," I retorted; "keep your tongue still, unless you wish to take the poor young lady's place."

By this this time I had cut the cord with my pocket-knife, and had unbuckled the strap.

Then Miss Warmington spoke for the first time:

"Oh, Mr. Mowat, I hoped—and I thought—that you would not desert me," was all she said.

Her death-like pallor and the rolling of her blue eyes proved the intense suffering she was undergoing. I believe I seized one of her hands and pressed it to my lips, and a deep flush rushed all over her face; but in an instant she was, if possible, paler than before, her short and rapid breathing indicating that she was laboring under intense excitement. Then I said to her:

"Do you think you can walk?"

She gave me a look of appealing trustfulness, and bursting into tears, answered:

"Yes, anything to get away from this terrible place. I know I shall really become insane unless I can get away. My poor head!"

Here old Jane's natural womanly feeling seemed to get the best of her, and she tried to persuade Miss Warmington to take some of the food which she had brought. But time was very precious, as Carlo might return and miss Jane, or young Warmington might arise from his bed, and, even if he did nothing worse, he might use the horse and cart which I wanted, since Miss Gertrude could not walk anything approaching four miles. Of course, I was terribly uneasy. Stay where I was a moment longer than was necessary I dared not. It was now five minutes past twelve. Turning to the old woman, I said:

"Jane, whether you like it or whether you don't, I 'm going to lock you in this room. You may scream and make as much noise as you choose, for nobody can hear you. When Carlo returns he will miss you, and wil be certain to come up and let you out. I want your shawl to put on Miss Warmington;" and I seized that article.

The old hag protested for the last time, and in my anger I pushed her roughly down upon the cot from which the young lady had just risen. I fancy Jane fainted, but that did not worry me. Throwing the shawl over my fair companion's head, in order to make her look as much as possible like the old woman, we went out of the door, which I locked, putting the key in my pocket.

"Be as cool as ever you can," I whispered, "and keep your wits about you. If you feel inclined to faint, think of your liberty or of a lunatic asylum; realize that this may be your last chance to escape."

A few moments later, and Jane's double had reached the kitchen. If by any stroke of ill-luck Carlo had returned, the impersonation would not deceive him for an instant. Opening the kitchen door, I half-pulled, half-carried Miss Warmington to the cart and lifted her in. Then I untied the horse, and, jumping in myself, I seized the reins and whip and lashed the animal into a gallop. Now all danger was over, for if we did meet Carlo, he certainly could not stop us. I don't think either of us spoke until we came to where the cars start, and here I pulled the horse back into a trot. Driving direct to the Sheriff's office, I told him the whole story, which was corroborated, in many points, by my fair companion. My chief then accompanied us to the District Attorney's department, where Miss Warmington swore out warrants for the arrest of old Warmington and his son, Carlo and Jane, and two officers were immediately sent to bring them in. But somebody must have seen us drive away, for the rascals had flown, leaving the poor old woman locked in the room upstairs.

An investigation proved that Miss Warmington had been twenty-one years of age for more than six months, consequently her uncle had ceased to have any legal control over her, and, while the house and furniture were in his name, the execution was illegal, as the entire property ought to have been transferred to Miss Gertrude upon her twenty-first birthday.

I don't think I care to relate what I said to Miss Warmington, or what she said to me. But I 'm no longer a deputy-sheriff, and after next Thursday I shall not be a bachelor.

The detectives tell me that the Warmingtons, *père et fils*, will probably be caught some day when they least expect it. So long, however, as they keep away from New York State, neither I nor my *fiancée* care whether they are punished or not.

I want to add that I never play poker now, and that my father has forgiven me.

THE END.

◆

WORK AND WORRY.

Multitudes are hurried to their graves before their time, and it is haste rather than steady, continuous labor of body or mind which drives them there. "Studying too hard," "over-worked," are terms which we know well, and many deaths are attributed to them. Trouble certainly kills; but as regards study, it is a very rare thing for a man to think himself to death, unless his thoughts run always in a morbid and distressing groove. Study is a bliss to the student; he would rather study than eat. The greatest students in moral philosophy and divinity have lived long and worked efficiently to fourscore and more. Thought is to the brain what exercise is to the physical constitution. Men may study hard, and after fifty years of age may devote as much as five, ten or even more hours to their labors with no evil effects. If the studies are pleasurable, they promote the general well-being of the system, both physical and mental, but—and this is an important point—sufficient sleep must always be obtained, and a regular supply of simple and nourishing foods. Many of our literary men die, it is true, prematurely—not, however, from overstudy, but from depressing mental conditions and irregular or excessive eating and drinking.

IN SEARCH OF GOLD.*

BY COLIN MIDDLETON,

Author of "The Fool of Destiny," "Innes of Blairavon," etc.

["IN SEARCH OF GOLD" was commenced in No. 52. Back numbers of the *Ledger*, containing the opening chapters of this story, can be obtained of all Newsdealers. *Even if the Newsdealer is out of back numbers, he will order them for you, if you request him to do so.*]

CHAPTER XI.

OUTWARD BOUND ONCE MORE.

ABOUT noon on the following day, the ship, with an unpronounceable name—it was some New Zealand mountain—was bearing them out of Table Bay on their way to Australia.

For the second time that indefinable regret for the land they were leaving came over Ivor, and he could not banish from his mind the thought that the farther he went from England the farther did his happiness slip from him.

With his regret, on this occasion, was mingled a feeling that he had lost his great opportunity. He knew well that an opportunity does come which most men miss, or, not seeing, pass by in ignorance to rail at the unfairness of life, the ill-luck which has always dogged their steps. Ivor had firmly believed that his opportunity had come in Africa, and he was loth to go, although he felt that the Judge's advice had been meant kindly, and was, in the main, right.

It is bad to have to face a prejudice in one's disfavor at the very outset of one's career, and there was no doubt that that prejudice would have existed against him at any of the diamond fields.

He ground his teeth at the thought of how Löwe had tricked him, but was fain to smile at the thought that by now, even at that moment, he might be arrested and brought to justice.

Seasoned by his journey from England to the Cape, Ivor felt no qualms of seasickness on this his second journey. He and Beausire were the only cabin passengers, though there were a great many second-class passengers.

The Captain was a hard-faced, monosyllabic old salt, who regarded passengers as an entirely unnecessary evil. He was practically compelled to talk to Ivor and Beausire, since there was no one else; but he did so with such an ill grace that after the second meal they had eaten together they agreed to leave him alone.

Standing on the upper deck, they amused themselves by watching the second-saloon passengers. It had positively never occurred to either of them that they might have made a material saving by travelling in the second saloon themselves.

Two of the passengers in particular attracted their attention.

One was a Frenchman, apparently of the more respectable artisan class. He was taller than the average of his countrymen, and possessed in its fullest measure their vivacity. He seemed to be about thirty years of age.

The other was a singularly beautiful Spanish girl about eighteen or nineteen years old. Hers was that soft, luscious beauty of the South. All her movements were slow and languorous, yet withal graceful. Her clear and delicately-cut features were crowned by a mass of glossy black hair. When Ivor and Beausire first saw her she was sitting on a deck-chair, gazing dreamily out over the sea toward the fast-fading outline of the land. It was after lunch on the first day.

"By gad!" said Beausire, "that's a very pretty girl!"

"Yes," said Ivor, taking his pipe out of his mouth, "she looks like a Spaniard. I wonder what she's doing on this ship? Spaniards don't go to Australia much."

"Here's the Captain. We'll ask him."

The Captain was passing on his way to the bridge, when Beausire stopped him with:

"Excuse me, Captain. Could you tell me who that very pretty girl is sitting on the deck-chair?"

"Spanish girl—under my protection; going to join her brother; came aboard at Plymouth."

This, uttered in a gruff, mind-your-own-business tone, was all the Captain vouchsafed, and he passed on to the bridge.

He was one of those ship captains who hold that it does not come within the range of their duty to be a Universal Compendium of Knowledge, from which passengers may draw information at will. He thought that a ship captain's duty was to navigate his ship, and that the passengers ought to take care of themselves; and if they could not, that they were better on land than on the sea. If a ship captain were capable of answering one-tenth of the questions addressed to him—mostly by women, it is true—say on a voyage from Liverpool to New York, he would certainly not be under the necessity of earning his livelihood by captaining a ship; as a Professor of Things in General, his value to any university would be inestimable.

As a matter of fact, many captains, through sheer good-nature, do manage to supply a more or less satisfying—if not satisfactory—answer to the majority of conundrums propounded to them.

"What a surly old beast!" said Beausire, as he turned again to the contemplation of the girl.

In a few minutes his curiosity overcame him once more, and leaning over the rail, with his back toward it, he looked up at the bridge, and waiting till the captain was immediately above him, cried out:

"I say, Captain! What's her name?"

"How in thunder should I know? Ends in 'z.'"

Ivor laughed at Beausire as he turned round wearing a somewhat crestfallen expression.

He and Beausire leaned over the rail again and watched the girl from time to time turn her great, lustrous eyes toward the bridge.

Suddenly, after an interval of two or three minutes, a gruff voice immediately above their heads grunted out:

"Christian name, Lola."

Ivor and Beaushire laughed again, and smoked their pipes in silence.

After a time the Frenchman came up from below and walked along the deck. He was very neatly dressed, and wore an air as of one who anticipated conquest.

He contented himself with walking up and down in front of his charmer for a quarter of an hour or so, and as he passed her, bestowing upon her glances of the most ardent admiration.

The girl glanced languidly at him occasionally, but apparently had no thoughts for him or anything else. She was doing what Spanish women—not of the highest orders—spend most of their leisure time over—thinking of nothing at all.

After a time a white cashmere shawl which she was wearing over her shoulders slipped to the ground. In an instant the Frenchman was at her side. With one hand he took off his hat, with the other he picked up the *manta*, then, putting the hat under his arm, he clicked his heels together, made a profound bow, and with, "Allow me, mademoiselle," made as though he would place the *manta* on her shoulders again.

The girl bowed her head gracefully, and said, showing two rows of pearly teeth:

"*Muchisimus grácias, señor!*"

The Frenchman, still holding his hat under his arm, began the conversation with:

"You are going to Melbourne, mademoiselle?"

"I beg your pardon?"

The Frenchman repeated his remark, transposing the first two words.

The girl shrugged her shoulders slightly, and said, in Spanish:

"I speak nothing, sir, but Spanish."

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders and smiled an inquiring smile.

"Pardon. I did not quite understand you."

The girl again showed her beautiful teeth, and looked around to see if any one was within earshot, and then said, very slowly and distinctly, in Spanish:

"I speak neither French nor English, nor German, nor anything."

And she smiled again at her admirer, who looked at her with a puzzled expression.

Again the girl turned to him and said:

"Be good enough to cover yourself. Put on your hat."

"I beg your pardon."

The girl tapped her foot on the deck, petulantly, and muttered:

"I forgot."

Then pointing to the Frenchman's hat and then to his head, said:

"Put on your hat, sir—put on your hat."

The Frenchman again looked puzzled, and the girl, with a sigh, rose languidly from her chair, pointed to the sun, then to his hat, and finally to his head, and said:

"It is very hot. Put on your hat."

The Frenchman hesitated, and the girl, taking the hat from under his arm, put it on his head, saying:

"The man's mad! For the love of Heaven, put on your hat."

She then sat down again on her chair, and fanned herself with a large palm-leaf fan.

The Frenchman, at last comprehending, again clicked his heels together, took off his hat, and bowed low once more, as he said:

"A thousand thanks. I felt nothing but the charm of your presence."

The girl looked at him again in a questioning manner, entirely oblivious of his compliment, and the Frenchman muttered:

"Good heavens! What is a man to do in a case of this sort?"

He continued gazing at the girl in unmistakable admiration, and then an idea seemed to strike him. He again took off his hat, bowed, and said:

"Excuse me for a moment."

The girl inclined her head, and, thinking that the interview was over, settled herself into her chair, and placing the fan so that it should shade her face from the sun, closed her eyes for a doze.

Some five minutes elapsed, and the Frenchman appeared again at the head of the companionway, loaded with rugs and cushions, and dragging in his right hand a small, upright deck chair.

He stopped opposite the Spanish girl and made his obeisance as before.

The girl opened her eyes languidly and smiled. This she could do to perfection—and each successive smile forged another link in the chain which bound the Frenchman to her.

With a muttered request, which naturally received no answer, he proceeded to pack the girl's chair with cushions and rugs till little but her face was visible. She acquiesced, because that cost her less trouble than to protest.

When he had done all that the most exacting of mistresses could reasonably or unreasonably demand, he again took off his hat, and pointing first to his own little deck-chair and then to the vacant place beside her, said, in a tone which was almost beseeching:

"May I be allowed to place this little chair near yours?"

The girl, understanding the expression of his face and the question conveyed in it, smiled again, showed her pretty teeth, and the Frenchman, with a sigh of happiness, placed her chair as near hers as he dared, and sat down.

Ivor and Beausire had watched this little comedy with intense interest, and when the Frenchman had finally attained his object, they turned round and laughed and walked aft.

For the next two days almost their sole amusement consisted in watching the progress of this love episode.

The Frenchman was intensely in earnest. He racked his brains to discover new ways in which he might show his devotion and attend to her comfort. It was obvious that he was very much in love—at least, for the time—and was in despair that he had to resort to the language of signs to convey his meaning to his beloved.

Lola was content to sit still and smile. She was by no means averse to the attentions which her cavalier paid to her with such assiduity. On the contrary, she rather enjoyed them. An existence in which her every wish and thought was forestalled, and in which all the physical exertion required of her was a smile at varying intervals, seemed to her to border on the ideal. The contrast of national character was, in these little love scenes, shown to perfection. The Frenchman, all eagerness, vivacity and desire to please; the Spanish girl, languid, indolent, quite prepared to be amused or receive homage, but entirely averse to any exertion, and not in the least degree in love.

Conversation between them was naturally strictly limited. Lola made not the faintest effort to learn any French from her admirer, and he was, in consequnee, fain to pick up what Spanish he could from her.

This was a distinct impediment to love-making, and he swore a good deal under his breath—in French.

It is difficult to conduct a courtship in monosyllables which have no connection whatever with the matter in hand.

The little Frenchman was interested to know that *sombrero* was the Spanish for "hat," *abanico* for "fan," and *silla* for "chair," but he felt that it did not help matters to any marked degree. He learned that *hace calor* meant that "it was hot," and that *hace mucho calor* meant that "it was very hot," and as the day wore on toward the hours for meals, he learned that his charmer had an excellent appetite, and that Spanish for "I am very hungry" was *tengo mucho hambre.*

Had they been in love with each other, spoken words would have been unnecessary, for love has a language which needs no outward expression; nor, indeed, does it contain any vocables.

Unfortunately, the love was all on one side, and the unhappy Frenchman was—according to his nature—in despair at one moment, and in an ecstasy of delight the next.

His moments of ecstasy came when the girl smiled her soft smile at him; his moments of despair when he found that all he could say which was intelligible was *hace calor* or *hace mucho calor.* He could not, with any show of decency, begin on *tengo mucho hambre* sooner than two hours after each meal, so that for at least six hours of the day his conversation was limited to the expression of his firm conviction that it was "hot," or "very hot." There was every probability of his becoming a raving lunatic under the mental strain involved in trying to avoid *hace calor;* but whenever Lola smiled at him he felt bound to state that it was "hot."

His sense of good manners would have received a shock had he not answered the sentence implied in Lola's smile, and in consequence, instead of pouring forth a torrent of words to express his feelings, all he could do was to gasp and mutter, "*Hace calor.*"

During the few minutes succeeding the time when he felt that he could, with propriety, assert that he was hungry, a glow of delight spread over his face, and he bombarded her with *tengo hambre* until he felt forced to fall back on *hace calor,* When he was not adoring her for her smile, he was hating himself and her and the entire human race.

He was angry with himself for his own helplessness, and with Lola for her indolence and indifference. Her entire want of response made him feel inclined to hit her. Yet he never left her side, They sat the livelong day, side by side, acting unconsciously the strangest comedy.

About half-past nine in the evening Lola went to bed, and the Frenchman, in a frenzy of adoration, paced the deck with knitted brow and fierce, quick strides.

On the third night after they had left Cape Town, Beausire and Ivor stopped him in his walk and talked to him.

Beausire was a good French scholar, and the Frenchman could have embraced him through sheer delight at finding that there was some one on the ship who could understand him,

He talked volubly for half an hour in answer to two or three questions which Beausire put to him.

They learned that his name was Anatole Pelletier; that he was a master carpenter; that he had made a little money and was going to Australia, as the Elysium of skilled artisans. He did not intend to stay long, because he could not separate himself from *la belle France* for any length of time. He had come on an English ship in order to learn something of the language before reaching Australia; but *peste!* they were such bears, these English sailors, and he had learned practically nothing.

Here Beausire mentioned the Spanish girl, and the Frenchman's face lit up with pleasure for an instant and then clouded again as he said:

"Ah, gentlemen, I adore her; but at times I would like to spit in her face. Good heavens! How stupid she is, and yet so beautiful as an angel!"

As he said it, he spat on the deck.

Beausire, with difficulty restraining an almost uncontrollable desire to laugh aloud, said:

"But if you adore her, why don't you tell her so?" knowing well that neither of them could speak any other tongue than their own.

At this Anatole almost wept with emotion as he explained this state of matters.

"She is, as you, messieurs, may see for yourselves, as beautiful as a dream; but she speaks nothing but Spanish, and I nothing but French. What is to be done?" and he shrugged his shoulders. "I wish to talk to her, but it is impossible. I wish to tell her of France, of my home in Vienne, of the vines on the slope of the hills, of the greatness of France, of love—*mon Dieu!* of everything. And then, after all, I have nothing to say but 'I am hungry' and 'It is warm.' It is perfectly absurd to be constantly saying 'It is warm.' At the same time she does nothing but smile; all the same, that little smile is ravishing. You have seen her; she opens her mouth in order to show her teeth—those tiny animal's teeth of hers—and she smiles; and as for me—well, I say, 'It is warm.' That is all. I know quite well that there is nothing more absurd; but she is charming."

The poor man sighed from the bottom o his heart, and Beausire, affecting sympath said:

"Will she not teach you Spanish?"

"Yes, yes; but it is always 'I am hungr or it is 'My hat—my fan.' Those sort o words are absolutely useless when one wan to make love."

"You should ask her to promenade t deck with you, then you should by sig make her understand that you want t know the Spanish for such things as yo wish to say. Make her talk to you in Spa ish, slowly, and you will soon learn."

"I will begin to-morrow," said the Frenc man, excitedly. "Good evening, gentleme I bid you good-bye."

He bowed and left them hurriedly, a went down to his cabin in order, apparent to hasten the approach of day by length ing the night.

Unhappily, on the following day, circu stances over which they had no cont prevented either lover or beloved from lea ing their berths.

For these first three days of the voya the weather had been magnificent. The s had shone in a cloudless sky, and t sapphire sea had been flecked merely wi tiny splashes of fleecy foam. A soft w wind had followed them, strong enough fill the one sail, set to steady the ship, a all the passengers had been able to enjoy t warm air.

The ship on which they were travelli was not a first-class boat. She belonged a small firm who intended their boats to mainly cargo-boats, with accommodati for a considerable number of second-cla passengers and only ten cabin passengers.

Ivor and Beausire had chosen her becau she happened to be sailing at the time which they wished to start, and because t fare by her was considerably less than a larger ship belonging to a more pretentio firm.

Speed was by no means a *sine quâ n* She had a liberal allowance of time b tween port and port, and the item of c was of consideration with her owners. S pottered along, in consequence, at abo eleven knots an hour on this course wh the wind was fair almost all the way Australia.

She carried a mixed cargo, consisti mainly of Manchester goods.

Ivor and Beausire strolled up and do the deck until nearly twelve o'clock, a then, having finished their very last pi made for the saloon.

At the companionway the Captain w standing.

"Fine night, Captain," said Beausire,

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"H'mph!" grunted the Captain; "it is—just now. It won't be in the morning."

On which enigmatical statement Ivor and Beausire went below to their cabins.

CHAPTER XII.

IVOR'S SECOND CHANCE.

Ivor woke early on the following morning to find himself being rolled about in the most unpleasant manner.

He got up, and after being hurled about his cabin for some twenty minutes, he managed to get some of his clothes on, and he staggered through the saloon to go on deck.

Half way up the companion-stairs he met Beausire, who was coming down.

"By gad! it's an awful day, Ivor."

"Aren't you going on deck?"

"It's useless. The place is simply sopping."

"Perhaps it will be better after breakfast."

"I am sure I hope so. It will be pretty slow work down here all day."

"I hope to goodness they won't batten us down."

"Well, I'm off to my bunk again until breakfast-time. You had better do the same."

"Yes, I think I will. Isn't it very dark for this time in the morning?"

"There's a combination of fog and mist outside, which is so thick that you can handle it."

They turned in again, and at breakfast they were alone, save for a hasty five minutes, when the Captain came down and swallowed two or three cups of coffee and wolfed some bacon, and hurried on deck again.

As he left the saloon he grunted out:

"In for a dirty spell, young gentlemen."

Ivor and Beausire were seasoned by their journey out from England, and after breakfast they made for the deck, clad in waterproofs.

A dreary and dispiriting sight met their gaze. The wind had shifted a point more to the northward, and they were driving along before a strongish gale. A dense, gray fog hung all around, and a fine misty rain mingled with the spray of the sea. Everything had a sodden and dreary look. The wind was blowing steadily enough, but it seemed to be growing also slowly and steadily stronger, Ivor and Beausire clung to the handrail of the deck-house, and watched the weird, shadowy ship plunging into the impenetrable fog beyond. All around them the livid sea leaped and roared. The waves, which from time to time washed the deck, seemed to climb rather than fall on board. They two, standing side by side, were silent. It seemed strange that the ship should ever in her groaning agony beat forward into a murky void, cleaving a pathway through the sullen fog and the drab-colored sea which closed around her above and below. The gray, blurred outline of the masts and the gray sea and fog seemed to reflect themselves on the thoughts of Ivor and Beausire, for they peered vainly into the gloom above and around with a sad, subdued air.

The scene and the thought that they were always speeding on into darkness began to play upon Ivor's nerves, and he could not help thinking how appropriate the scene was to his own position. Here was he stretching out hands to grope in the dark of the unseen, with no knowledge of what he might touch, just as the great ship was plunging forward and ever forward into what appeared infinity.

He glanced at the bridge and saw the Captain at times upright, at times appearing as though he were walking up the side of the house, and he turned to Beausire with a shudder and said:

"I can't stand this, Beausire. I am going below."

"All right, old man. We can have some piquet to while away the time."

"What an awful day!" said Ivor, as they reached the companion and groped their way down to the saloon.

"Not very cheering, I must say," answered Beausire. "I must have a whisky and soda to wash the frog out of my throat. Here, steward! Have one, Ivor?"

"No, thank you."

"Get the cards then, will you? They are in my bag under my bunk."

They sat down to piquet, and played all the morning, making no remarks save those which were necessary to the game.

The Captain did not come down to lunch, and after it they went on with piquet.

The vessel was beginning to roll worse than ever. At times Beausire seemed to be right above Ivor, ready to descend on him, had not the saloon-table been between them.

The wind had risen, and the roar of the storm, and the shudder of the ship as the screw left the water, became more frequent.

The "chunk," "chunk" of the screw became now more marked owing to its irregularity, and the intervals were filled with the noise of the screw, whirring out of the water—that grizzly rattle, like the *râle* of a dying man.

They played on all through the afternoon, until nearly five o'clock, when any further play was out of the question.

The ship was rolling, pitching, staggering to such an extent and so continuously that all their attention and energy were required to steady themselves at the table.

"Let us try to get on deck," said Ivor.

"Very well. A breath of fresh air won't do us any harm before dinner."

"If we can stand."

"Wait a minute," said Beausire, as he tried to walk to his cabin.

It was hopeless, and he was compelled to crawl along the floor of the saloon until he reached it.

Soon he emerged with two leathern straps in his mouth, and, not without bruises, they reached the deck With difficulty they opened and shut the companion door, and clinging with all their strength to the handrail, they stood panting side by side.

Seizing an opportunity, Beausire fastened one of the straps under his belt and fixed it to the handrail, and telling Ivor to do the same, they managed te retain their footing.

The gale had increased to a hurricane; the same gray, sodden fog enshrouded everything, and the white spindrift which was whisked off the crest of the waves stung their faces as does a whiplash.

The wind screamed and howled through the rigging in frenzied blasts, and tore at the boats till they groaned in the davits.

The sea was a seething caldron, over which ever and anon an eerie shadow hurtled, the gray wraith of an albatross hurrying on before the storm.

The wind seemed to shriek with ever-increasing fury in one continuous blast, and the vessel tottered forward at racing speed.

For a moment the fog lifted and displayed tatters of torn cloud in a sullen sky.

Ivor gave a gasp and roared out to Beausire, who was scarcely two feet from him:

"Thank goodness that cursed fog has lifted!" And even as he said it the fog shut down again and enveloped them as before.

Beausire merely shook his head and smiled. In that ferment of conflicting sounds of wind and sea Ivor's voice was as nothing.

Not a soul was visible on deck or on the bridge, and the drab misery was again too much for Ivor. He screamed something out to Beausire and began to unfasten his strap.

Beausire screamed something to him in return, and with the utmost care and difficulty they awaited their opportunity, and, drenched to the skin, they sought the saloon once more.

Dinner was a matter of skillful engineering, which, however, was not successful in preventing Ivor from pouring all his soup on to his nether garments. The Captain was again absent, and the steward was uncommunicative and unusually solemn. Before dinner was ended the floor of the saloon was a mass of broken crockery and glass, nor did the steward make any attempt to sweep it up. He had a young wife in Gravesend, and had never before encountered such a storm as this.

Toward ten o'clock the engines slowed down and the ship began to roll in an appalling manner, as though she had found herself helpless and had yielded to the fury of the gale.

Beausire managed to reach and open the companion door and to peer out. There was nothing but pitchy darkness to be seen, and nothing to be heard but the mad frenzy of the storm which seemed to hiss with the sound as of escaping steam.

Beausire retreated to the saloon, and in a few minutes the steward came in.

"What's the matter, steward?" said Ivor.

"Steering-gear broke down, sir; they are going to steer by the stern wheel. God help the poor fellows as has to do it."

"This becomes exciting," said Beausire. "Bring in some whisky and hot water and the necessary appurtenances."

After some minutes the engines went full speed once more, and almost directly afterwards the steward appeared feeling his way with one hand and bearing whisky in the other.

The Captain, dripping from head to foot, appeared as Ivor and Beausire were attempting, with but slight success, to mix their whisky and water. The Captain took his sou'-wester and shook himself.

"Dirtiest night ever I saw," he ejaculated.

"Have a drink, Captain," said Beausire.

"That's what I came for," said the Captain.

"Where are we?" said Ivor, unconsciously asking one of those questions which even in fine weather drive ship captains to thoughts of murder and sudden death.

For an instant his eyes flashed fire, and then he answered:

"Just what *I* want to know. Haven't had a glimpse of the sun the whole blessed day. Nothing but that cursed dripping fog."

The Captain drank off his steaming glass of grog and ate a biscuit and made for the deck again.

At the saloon door he stopped, and, turning, said:

"Don't want to alarm you, gentlemen; but if you follow my advice, you won't take your clothes off until we are out of this gale."

"What, is there real danger?" said Beausire.

"Not if the steering-gear hadn't broken. She never would steer with her stern wheel, and I haven't taken the sun for thirty-six hours."

"What's there to be afraid of?"

"Well, I don't know if we are clear of the Twelve Apostles or not, and hang me if I know whether we are north or south of them."

All this was said in jerks, in the intervals when the Captain was not using all his energies in trying to steady himself.

"If we are not to go to bed, or take off our clothes, how are we going to pass this cheerful night?"

"Please yourself," said the Captain. "I only gave you a hint. I must be off."

He made for the companion-stairs, and with his foot on the first step, he roared out:

"You may come up into the chart-house if you will promise not to be sick. I shan't be turning in until the fog lifts. Be careful on deck. All the demons are let loose."

Ivor and Beausire put on waterproofs and leggings and lurched to the deck.

It took them ten minutes to get from the companion door to the bridge, and then they were in a state of utter exhaustion.

As they had clung to anything on which they could trust their weight, two green seas had swept the deck, rolling everything not securely fastened before them.

The uproar was infernal; the wind no longer blew a steady gale. It seemed at times to hold its breath, to sob, and then to gather itself together for a blast which whisked the spume off the waves and pushed it high up over the yards.

The atmosphere was a grim chaos of mist and spray and rain, which whistled through the spars and blattered in great broad splashes on the deck and skylights.

The wind seemed like some great wild beast in a frenzy of ungovernable fury. The ship shivered in every timber as each fresh outburst of rage tore her and shook her, and left her panting and groaning as she wrestled with the waters.

On, always on into the black abyss in front and all around her.

Two sailors lashed to the stern-wheel were relieved every half-hour, but she wouldn't steer well. It did not matter much, as there was nothing for it in that appalling hurricane but to run before it.

"Good heavens! this is awful!" said Beausire to Ivor, when they reached the chart-house. "I have heard of storms at sea, but I never believed that it was anything like this. It beats me how the ship can ride it. She seems at times to climb straight up to heaven. I am sorry for those poor stokers, battened down there with not a breath of air."

Ivor did not answer. The awful majesty of the storm had blotted out all other thoughts for the time. They sat side by side, holding on to the table in the chart-house, while the storm boomed and shrieked without.

From time to time Beausire rose from his seat and opened the door to see if the murky fog had lifted at all.

Each time there was nothing to be seen but the same black darkness, and nothing to be heard but the hiss of the rain and the seething sea. Sleep was out of the question.

They sat on side by side, in silence. Ivor's thoughts had drifted back to Gwen and Wales, and he was dreaming with his eyes wide open of pleasant places on the Usk, when the door burst open and the Captain came in.

Ivor and Beausire both jumped up and ejaculated simultaneously:

"What is it?"

"Nothing," answered the Captain. "Came in to see how you were getting on."

"Is the wind going down do you think?"

"Rising, if anything. I never saw anything like this in these waters."

"It can't go on much longer," ventured Ivor.

The Captain shrugged his shoulders.

"There's two men been washed overboard already getting to the wheel. I've six of them at it now."

"Two men washed overboard!" said Ivor. "Drowned!" he added, hardly thinking of what he was saying.

"Drowned?" snorted the Captain. "Of course they are. Nothing to be done in a sea like this except to drown. I hope no more will go, or we shall be uncommon short-handed.

"I daresay she'll worry through it," continued the Captain. "If only this infernal fog would lift and give us a chance to know where we are."

Beausire pulled out his watch, and said:

"Half-past four. It is getting on to daylight again."

"Not much use in daylight when you can't see ten yards before your face," said the Captain. "Going to stay on here? You're just as well. I must be off up on to the bridge again."

The Captain went out, and Ivor and Beausire sat down again, side by side.

The long watch had made them haggard and heavy-eyed, and Beausire began to yawn.

"I am pretty sick of this," said he.

"I shall be pleased enough when we are out of it," said Ivor.

"I wonder why the Captain told us to stay up?" asked Beausire.

"Because we happened to be getting into a part where there's a string of islands, called the Twelve Apostles, and with this wind we might get unpleasantly near them. We ought to go a good long way to the north of them, but the wind has got a good deal of north in it since it started to blow, and as the steam steering-gear has broken down and she won't answer her stern wheel well, we have probably drifted a good deal south."

"Like a book, Ivor. Where did you learn it all from, old man?"

"I was talking to the chief engineer yesterday—that is, the day before—and he told me all about our course."

"I see. So that's what the Captain had in his head. Rum old card, isn't he?"

"I expect he is a good deal more anxious than he cares to show, and that's why he came down here just now to see how we were standing it. The strain on him must be awful."

"Daresay you're right. Anyhow, I have had enough. This storm will last me my time. I don't want any more."

They were silent for a long time, while the hurricane raged incessantly.

After a time Beausire pulled out his watch.

"Half-past five. It must be near dawn."

He rose and went to the door of the chart-house and opened it.

The black squalor of the air had already begun to turn to a muddy gray once more, and the wind seemed to be less continuously violent.

The atmosphere was still sodden with the mist and spindrift, but the wind seemed to come in enormous sighs, which, beginning low, grew louder until they developed into a scream, and then passed.

There was now a perceptible though short interval between each blast, and the cutting rain had ceased. Yes; matters were undoubtedly improving.

If only that depressing fog would lift. It made Ivor fretful. His nerves were at an almost impossible tension, and he would have given all the world to have been able to tear apart that dumb, dank veil for a moment.

The wind held its breath for longer intervals; a sad-colored light was spreading around, and the storm had begun to die at the approach of dawn.

"Things looking better!" shrieked Ivor to Beausire, as they tried to pierce the pall in front of them.

Beausire nodded.

After a lull which had lasted some fifteen seconds, the vast sigh of the wind began again, and ended in a shriek twice repeated.

Its fury was almost spent, and it seemed as though the hurricane, wearied out, was gathering its remaining strength for a series of short, sharp, annihilating blasts.

It was during one of these that the ship rose high up on a mighty wave and came down with a grinding crash on to something which made her shiver from stem to stern.

She swung round and was carried along helpless, broadside on to the sea.

The shock had loosened Ivor's hold, and in a moment he found himself floundering about in the water which was flooding the deck.

As the ship swung round a green sea swept over her, and he was carried away with it overboard.

Finding himself in the water, he began to strike out, when a sudden, sharp blow on the head rendered him senseless.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT—NO. 5.]

A HINT FROM THE SPARROWS.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

Now park and square and thoroughfare
Lie muffled deep in snow,
But cheery still, with dauntless will,
And chirping as they go,
Our little sparrows fight for food,
And dig beneath the snow.

The veriest crumb to them must come
A godsend in their flight;
And many a little head is tucked
Beneath the wing at night
To drowse, all cold and supperless,
Until the morning's light.

Besieged and crossed by storm and frost,
Their tiny kingdom lies,
Beset by fate and desolate,
And barren of supplies,
But still the hardy garrison
The fierce assault defies.

Still chirp and sing, as in the spring,
The feathered legions all,
Foraging o'er the landscape frore,
With cheery twitter and call,
Trustful in Him whose watchful eye
Sees even the sparrow fall.

How well if we their hardy glee
And simple trust could share,
When dreary woe descends like snow,
And our hearts are bleak with care—
Trustful in Him who sees and knows
What burdens we must bear.

A PASTOR'S INFLUENCE.

Sometimes a pastor's heart gets into such a holy flame that he changes—by God's blessing—the atmosphere of his church. When Dr. Thomas H. Skinner was pastor of the Arch Street Church, Philadelphia, he got his elders together and they sought a baptism of fire from heaven. It came; and it spread through the whole congregation. Charles G. Finney used to get into a glow himself and then "the fire burned." I am now reading the lately published "Diary and Letters" of my beloved friend the late Dr. Andrew A. Bonar, of Glasgow—the biographer of McCheyne. The book shows that he kept up an anthracite heat in his ministry by perpetual prayer. He had an immense *power of the knees.* On a certain Saturday he writes in his diary, "*desire* appeared to me all day to be prayer *smoking as incense* in my heart." It was the same way with McCheyne. The walls of his study were witnesses of his prayers; and he lived before his flock just as he prayed before his God.

◆

—The distance from New York to La Guayra, the port of Caracas, is 2,200 miles. In addition to coffee, gold and fine woods, Venezuela exports hides, cocoa and cattle. The distance from La Guayra to London is nearly 5,000 miles.

WILLFUL PENELOPE.*

BY EFFIE ADELAIDE ROWLANDS,

Author of "A Conquerer of Fate," "Little Kit," "At a Great Cost."

["WILLFUL PENELOPE" was commenced in No. 48. Back numbers of the *Ledger*, containing the opening chapters of this story, can be obtained of all Newsdealers. *Even if the Newsdealer is out of back numbers, he will order them for you, if you request him to do so.*]

CHAPTER XVII.

PENELOPE herself did not devote much thought to her future. She realized in that dim, heavy way that had hung about her brain through the last sorrowful weeks that a great change stretched before her; that she must leave the low-roofed home, with its pretty gabled windows and quaint corners; she must turn her back on the place where she had danced and sung away her early childhood's days, and where she had offered up, later, the deepest sacrifice of a daughter's love and devotion.

If Penelope had any distinct feeling at all in conjunction with this knowledge, it was one of faint pleasure and relief.

The little house was no longer what it had been in her eyes and in her affection. It was associated for ever now with the memory of one of the worst times, the darkest hours that could overshadow a human soul.

So long as her mother lay in the house it was still a home to Penelope, even though she knew that that mother would never look at her again out of her wistful, loving eyes—would never again speak her gratitude and tender words to her "baby."

The girl's absolute quiescence in the terrible loss she had sustained troubled Doctor Westall not a little. He thought he knew Penelope's character through and through, yet at every turn she developed some new trait which put her, if possible, still higher in the old doctor's estimation.

It was hard for him, all the same, to reconcile this pale, grave, subdued young woman with the laughing, impertinent, pretty Penelope he had known so well from her birth.

After the funeral, he carried the girl back with him to his house in the village.

"She can't remain at the cottage until she determines what she is going to do; she must be with me," he said to Denis, whose sudden and unexpected arrival at Latimar Court to attend the funeral had given rise to much comment of a warm, appreciative kind.

Denis was silent.

What could he say? What right had he to step forward and take part in any discussion concerning Penelope or her future? Although she was the very mainspring of his existence, the heart of his heart, he, of all the world, must be silent.

How he yearned, at this moment, to be able to stand before her, to stretch out his arms, and fold her away from all harsh winds and dark clouds!

The knowledge of his bonds broke upon him with appalling force at this time. It was anguish to know that he must never minister to this poor, forlorn child, this wan, sad likeness of the Penelope he had loved so suddenly and so deeply in the August days by the sea.

He did everything possible to him. In every delicate thought he tried to surround the girl with comfort in this dark hour.

He did not see her—she would see no one but Doctor Westall; and she had no idea that the task of arranging all the gruesome details of the funeral, the hundred and one small yet necessary things that prop up in such a time, were one and all directed by Denis.

She heard, of course, from Doctor Westall, that he had come to pay the last respects to a woman he had loved very dearly, and she was grateful to him.

The dead woman had been so fond of Denis; this tribute of his respect and love was what was only due under the circumstances of their old friendship, and yet, paradoxically, under the circumstances of the moment, it was something that might, perhaps, not have been expected.

It was through the doctor that Denis learned all Penelope's wishes. He telegraphed to Lucie according to the girl's desire, entreating her sister not to think of returning home.

"Why should Lucie come?" she said one day to Doctor Westall. "She can do no good. She will only suffer terribly when she returns and finds no mother to welcome her here. Poor Lucie! her happiness with Walter was a long time coming. I don't want to break it just at the beginning."

"But she must have sorrow, my dear; by this time she knows her loss, and—"

"Yes," Penelope answered, quietly, "but she is far away. She is in strange lands. She is moving about. The sorrow will live with Lucie, as it will live with me, all our lives, but it will not be so deep and terrible as if she returned now to find—"

Penelope could not finish.

Doctor Westall gazed at the girl for a moment or so, from under his shaggy eyebrows.

It was two days after the funeral. Denis was still at Latimar Court. He found he had been left executor of Mrs. Desborough's modest will, and he made that his excuse for remaining away from Marcia a little longer. There was absolutely nothing for him to do except to inform the lawyer that he was ready at any and all times to do all that was required of him in connection with this will.

But Denis could not go until he had satisfied himself a little about Penelope's future; and in a roundabout way this desire on the young man's part communicated itself to Doctor Westall's intelligence, and gave him some food for thought.

He, too, was anxious to see the girl settled in some way. He had a great longing to whisk her off with himself, to the sea even, for a voyage—anywhere, to escape the sad memories of the past weeks. This, however, was impossible; his duties would chain him to his home for many a month, and the idea had to be abandoned accordingly.

He hoped that he might persuade the girl to remain with him for a little while, although he would have preferred her to have gone away from Stevenstone. Still he was not at all satisfied with her health or with her mental condition, and he would have liked to have kept her under his eyes for awhile, and minister to the best of his power to her tired young frame, nursing her till he had brought back the bloom of life's springtime to her cheeks, and the light to her weary eyes.

Doctor Westall, however, was quite prepared to meet with resistance from Penelope on this point, and he found he was right to be so prepared.

"No, dear Doctor Westall, I cannot stay with you. Don't—don't think me ungrateful or unkind, but, oh! I must go right away. I want to be away!" Penelope had said to him when he proposed this plan.

Doctor Westall was thinking of it now as he sat watching her move to and fro in his old-fashioned drawing-room.

"Then," he said, at length, "if you won't bring Lucie home I suppose you will go to her?"

Penelope shook her head.

"No," she answered, "no, I shall not."

"You mean to go to your aunt, Mrs. Rochdale, perhaps?"

Doctor Westall said this with a smile. He knew a good deal about Mrs. Rochdale, and he had no high opinion of her, nor, it must be said, of her daughter either, though in the case of Marcia it was purely and simply a natural feeling of objection in the doctor's mind, as he had had no experience of knowing much about Denis Latimar's young wife.

Penelope smiled back at him—a faint, very faint shadow of her usual smile.

"Now, Uncle George," she said, calling him by a pet name she had given him in her baby days, "you are talking nonsense, and you know it. No, I shall leave here tomorrow or next day, and I shall go to Uncle Desborough; he expects me."

Doctor Westall looked at her sharply.

"Now—you are talking nonsense, Niece Penelope," he said. "Go to live with old Hartwick Desborough! Why, my child, you will die in a month. You don't know what you are doing!"

"I think I do," Penelope said, falling for the moment, to Doctor Westall's great delight, into her old sharp manner. "I know Uncle Desborough is not what might be called a nice man exactly; but—well, he offers me a home, and he was my father's brother; and—and he had a deep respect for my mother."

Doctor Westall gave a grunt.

"He has a funny way of hiding his feelings, then—a more disagreeable, unprepossessing, miserly old curmudgeon—"

"Now—now," Penelope said, with a little laugh, which died away immediately. "You are only jealous, Uncle George Westall, and so you heap abuse on a most innocent and unoffending creature."

Doctor Westall chuckled an instant. He grew grave, however, the next.

"Penelope," he said, almost tenderly, "I don't like this arrangement—I don't, really. You will be very miserable, I am afraid, my child. It is not the life for you—for any young creature. You don't know your uncle. I do. I had occasion to see him on your dear mother's account several times just after your father's death. It is many years ago now, but I have a very vivid recollection of Mr. Hartwick Desborough, and it is not a pleasant one."

"I am not looking for a pleasant companion, I am looking for a home," Penelope said, gently.

Doctor Westall put his hand on her shoulder.

"Then you have not far to look, little one," he said, affectionately. "Here is your home, and here"—tapping himself on the chest—"is an exceedingly pleasant companion. Why not stay here, Pen, at least until Lucie comes back? She will, I know, insist on your going to live with her then, but until then—"

"I shall never live with Lucie," Penelope said, determinedly. "Mother always said that it was a mistake for married people ever to have anyone else to live with them; and besides"—Penelope paused just a little—"although I like Walter—I am sure, quite sure, I should not like him long if I were to live in his house. We always quarrel, you know, and poor Lucie would be torn in two."

"They why not stay with me?"

Penelope took the big, clever hand in hers and fondled it for a moment in silence.

"Don't ask me again, Uncle George," she said, in a low voice, when she spoke. "You—you tempt me, and I must not be tempted. I must go away from here. I—I shall never be able to get better. I shall never be able to face life if I stay on here. Oh, I could not do it. I must not."

Doctor Westall knitted his brows. Why was it that in this moment a thought of Denis Latimar flashed across his mind? It was a strange thought, and it did not last long: but all the same, as the doctor spoke again, in a vague, uncertain way, he seemed to feel there was a link between this girl and Denis, a link that was at the same time a separation touched with infinite sorrow, definite, absolute and severe.

He urged her no more.

"You shall do just as you like," he said. "After all, what you say is right. He is your father's brother; he offers you a home and protection. It is a move that will meet with the world's approbation, and," the doctor said this last with keen satisfaction, "and as you have a little money of your own, I shall at least have the comfort of knowing you can't die of absolute starvation."

That night Doctor Westall went up to Latimar Court to dine. The house was all muffled up and shrouded until the auspicious moment when its new mistress would cross its threshold. But in the small room where dinner was laid it was bright and cozy, and had that pleasant, companionable air that somehow or other is always to be found in a bachelor apartment. Dinner was well over, and cigars were being discussed before Denis learned the news he longed and dreaded to hear.

Doctor Westall announced Penelope's determination and early departure, in his rough, short way; but he watched the handsome young man opposite very keenly as he spoke, and as he saw the look that flashed into Denis Latimar's eyes as Penelope's name was mentioned, the good old doctor felt something like a tinge of pain and regret shoot through him.

"Sits the wind in that quarter?" he said to himself. "What a funny world it is, and what a tangle it all is! It never entered my mind; but then I have always thought of Penelope as a baby. I forget she is growing up, and I am apt to forget her beauty. There is something wrong here, too; I can feel it and see it. What has happened? Why didn't they make a match of it? My little girl would have been a proper successor to his mother."

Doctor Westall sipped his wine and smoked his cigar, while he talked over local matters with Denis. As he drove home, the good-hearted man was conscious of a return of that pain and regret in his thoughts.

"Not the look on his face of a happy man, or the look of a man who has just married the love of his heart. I hope to Heaven Denis Latimar has not made a great mistake; but I fear it somehow—yes, I fear it—and now, I think, the sooner my little Penelope goes away from here the better for all concerned."

Which showed an amount of discernment and quickness of sympathy in Doctor Westall that might have belonged to a woman instead of to a man grown gray in his profession, and credited with no belief in romance nor patience with the softer shades of life's history.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The morning dawned that was to see the departure of Penelope Desborough from the home of her childhood forever. Her boxes and all her belongings were ready packed. Everything had been stowed away by Kate, who, to her own delight and Penelope's pleasure, was permitted by Mr. Desborough to accompany her young mistress to her new home.

The furniture of Laburnum Cottage, which had been bequeathed by her mother to Lucie, was left there until orders were received from abroad concerning it. Penelope only carried away with her some few cherished ornaments, things she had seen ever since she could remember to have seen at all—a few pictures, some odds and ends of china. The small collection of jewelry had been divided between Lucie and herself, but until her sister returned, Penelope took charge of it all. She also came into possession, through her mother's death, of the legacy Mrs. Latimar had left to her.

Penelope's eyes were dim through the luxury of tears, a relief that had been absolutely denied her, as she looked over her little property.

She did not realize at this moment the value of the jewels she had received from Denis's mother, but their beauty appealed to her; there were some exquisite pearls and some diamonds. She put one of the latter ornaments round her throat. It was a small heart incrusted with diamonds containing two pictures, one of Mrs. Latimar, taken years gone by, and one of a lovely boy-child, which gave forth even then the sweet look in the eyes, the brave, honest character which was engraven on the face of Denis Latimar grown to manhood, and cherished in the girl's heart as the best and the highest of all her earthly possessions.

This little heart and an old, curious ring that had always flashed on her mother's white hand, were the only things Penelope took from her jewel case. The rest she locked away and sealed up at Doctor Westall's instigation, and sent to be kept at the bank where her modest account was deposited, and where the silver and lace she inherited from Mrs. Latimar was also stored.

"I feel quite rich," Penelope had said to her one friend, as she let him arrange all this.

She smiled, as she spoke, that faint, shadowy smile that was as sad as tears.

"You are rich in yourself," Doctor Westall answered, gruffly. And indeed the girl's beauty was almost startling at this time.

She had recovered a little from the close confinement of the sick-room; the ceaseless anxiety of her anguish of watching and waiting were over. The sadness that remained, the grave, thoughtful air, gave a new look to the young face—a new depth to the heavenly blue eyes.

As a laughing child, Penelope had been unusually pretty; as a woman, full of nameless little graces of a subtle suggestion of a nature strong, pure, fresh, vivid—of a woman who could love with an endurance strong as death—she was unusually beautiful.

Doctor Westall had an uneasy thought for her future. Much as he admired her in her new garb, he found himself wishing many times that she could have remained the child she had been—the sunny, merry will-o'-the-wisp, without a suspicion of cloudy skies, or a knowledge of human suffering.

Not knowing what had happened, the old doctor had found himself unwillingly judging Denis Latimar a little harshly in connection with Penelope.

He knew not whether there had been wrong or only folly, but that there had been something, he was convinced; and as he realized what that something meant to Penelope and her future life, he was inclined to be both angry and unjust.

There was nothing to be done, however, and Penelope was happily in absolute ignorance that Doctor Westall knew or guessed anything at all about the matter.

She was occupied in defending her future guardian against her "Uncle George's" attacks.

A letter had come to Penelope, following her acceptance of Mr. Desborough's offer—a letter written on odds and ends of paper, the back of her own envelope and the reverse side of old letters—conveying, in a cramped hand, the intelligence that Mr. Desborough would expect his niece at such and such an hour; that she was to travel third-class, and by no means to give the cabman who conveyed her and her boxes from the station to the house more than eighteenpence. Mr. Desborough further observed that he should expect his niece to pay him board for the sustenance of the servant-maid she was bringing with her; and he begged to impress upon Penelope that though he offered her a home and protection, he was by no means prepared to give her luxuries.

This letter lashed Doctor Westall to positive fury.

"The mean hound!" he cried, scattering broadcast the disconnected portions of Mr. Desborough's letter, "'Pon my soul, Penelope, I don't think I can let you go! I don't think I can! He means to starve you—the old beast! I should just like to give him some 'luxuries!' Now look here, child, give me your solemn promise, if you can't endure the life there, you will come back to me. Promise me, Penelope, or else, by Heaven! I won't let you go!"

Penelope promised gently. She was more than touched by his love and kindness; but at the same time, she was by no means appalled by the prospect of the life that awaited her.

She had a keen appreciation of humor and admiration for a strong character, and there was something about this curious old uncle of hers that roused her interest in a way very few other things could have done at this particular crisis of her career.

Besides, she was young; and youth is always more or less adventurous. If there were difficulties ahead, Penelope had a feeling almost of pleasure in the thought. It would be like breasting a new sea; and anything that would drive away memory, if even for a moment, was almost priceless in her eyes.

On the morning of the day she was to go Penelope dressed early, and after the doctor had started on his rounds, she walked by back roads down to her old home, to take farewell of it.

She walked with a stick yet, for although Doctor Westfall's prognostication of perpetual lameness had not been fulfilled, her ankle was far from strong, and gave her much pain at times.

She walked slowly, and did not look about her much. She had a nervous desire to avoid all inquiries and discussions about herself.

As she approached the old house, Penelope felt a throb of acute anguish. She realized at this moment all that lay in her departure.

She paused on her way through the garden and under the evergreens, and sank on a wooden seat in an old summer-house where she remembered she had been wont to hold her doll's tea-parties and have other grand ceremonials. She sat with her elbow

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planted on the table and her chin in the hollow of her two hands. It was a cold, bright day, with a touch of frost in the air. She tossed off her black hat and fixed her eyes on the house that looked so desolate, so dead, as it were, with its shrouded windows and closed doors.

She did not feel the cold. The icy band in her heart was too bitter in its intensity. She had been there for nearly half an hour, when she heard a slight sound on the path, and, turning, saw Kate running toward her with a letter in her hand.

Kate was well accustomed by this time to her young mistress's beauty, but even she was struck with new admiration as she came toward her.

"Her eyes look like two great big violet stars," the girl said to herself. "My! how pretty she do grow; but how cold she must be!" And then Kate delivered her message: "Please, Miss Penelope, I've made so bold as to run after you, as I thought as you ought to have this letter. It come just as you started, and it says 'Answer,' you see, Miss; so—"

"You were quite right, Kate." Penelope put out her hand and took the letter. She frowned as she saw the writing.

It was from Harold De Burgh. She could not know for certain, but she feared its contents.

"I shall be back directly, Kate," she said, leaving the letter on the table. "If there is an answer I will send it."

Kate turned away, and then turned back.

"But, Miss Penelope, please won't you put your hat on. You'll be so cold, Miss, and you did ought to take care of yourself;" and then the little servant broke into tears. "Oh! dear Miss Penelope," she said, with a pathos that was very sincere, "what do you think the dear mistress would say if she could see you like that—"

Penelope's face flushed crimson for an instant, and she bit her lip.

"Don't—don't!" she said, almost sharply; then, more gently: "Go, Kate, I am coming soon."

Kate turned and trotted away obediently. She could not comprehend the method of Penelope's grief, but she did not doubt it for a single instant, although, to an uncultivated mind, the girl's composure and coldness might easily have been wrongly construed.

Left alone again, Penelope passed one hand over her hot eyes, and ruffled her hair into pretty confusion on her brow. She shut her heart resolutely to the anguish those few words of Kate's had stirred up so completely, and turned her attention to the letter before her.

"Why does he write?" she said, a little impatiently. She opened the envelope and read through the pages of clear, neat writing.

It was an offer of marriage, couched in the most gentle, most courteous fashion. Yet, through it all, Penelope's keen intelligence felt that each word had been written without hope, without confidence.

The letter dispelled her momentary anger. It made her sorry. She liked Harold De Burgh for several reasons, but chiefly because he had been so full of thought and kind attention to her mother.

She had never dreamed of any possibility of his caring for her; and, indeed, after that memorable evening in the lane, when Denis had found her so awkwardly placed, Penelope had been unjust enough to feel not only angry toward Mr. De Burgh, but to dislike him in consequence.

The truth of his feelings for her had come upon her with a shock the evening of her accident, when his anxiety had caused his love to reveal itself in two or three stray ways.

After that day Penelope had avoided the rector to the full extent of her powers, and she had almost begun to forget him, when this letter came to her and he asked her to be his wife.

She put the letter down on the table and fell into her old position.

After that one feeling of regret at being compelled to give pain to another, Penelope dismissed Harold De Burgh absolutely from her mind.

She fell into a deep train of thought, of what exact nature it would have been hard to determine. The brain worked heavily, wearily. There was a dull, dead ache in her brows, as though a conflict of thought was pressing there.

Sitting thus, she drifted into a sort of dream, and woke with a start as some one passed hurriedly up the path and stood before her.

It was Denis.

"I hope you will forgive me," he said, hurriedly. "I saw your maid outside; she told me you were here. I have come to speak to you."

Penelope dropped her arms on the table and sat looking at him, dazed, with that heavy, weary look in the blue heavens of her eyes which it gave him such torture to see.

"I—I did not hear you come," she said, confusedly. "I—I think I must have been asleep."

Denis answered her hurriedly.

"You should not sit here in this cold. Good heavens! Penelope you will kill yourself. It is freezing hard."

"Is it?" she passed her hand over her hair, arranging it mechanically. "I did not feel it; but then I like the cold."

She was hardly conscious of the position. For almost the first time his near presence gave her no sensation, either of joy or of trouble. She was mentally as well as bodily numbed by her long dream of thought.

He stood before her, a tremor thrilling his tall, strong frame—a passion of love, of anxiety, of despair filling his heart.

"You are going away to-day?" he said, breaking the silence.

She had her hand pressed to her brow, as though to still some pain or to assist her to collect her ideas and thoughts,

"Yes—this afternoon. Have you come to wish me good-bye, Denis? You are very—"

Penelope's words ended abruptly. Something seemed to break with a sudden, sharp shock, dispersing the dream cloud from her brain and eyes and bringing her face to face with absolute facts.

With a groan, Denis had sat down opposite to her at the table, and had buried his face on his folded arms.

It was the hour of his weakness. He could struggle and act no longer.

Penelope's heart beat like a sledge-hammer in her ears.

"Denis—Denis!" she cried, wildly, sharply. "What are you doing—what are you doing? Why are you here? You must go away at once—at once! Oh! Denis, do you hear me? You must go away!"

She was trembling in every limb, like a tree shaken furiously at its roots. She was ashen white, her eyes almost black now in the intensity of the horror—of suffering—of fear—that overwhelmed her.

He lifted his face and looked at her. It was white as her own, and his lips were set, his eyes gleaming.

"Penelope, I will not go away. I will never go away from you! Do you understand? You belong to me, and I am yours! You love me—you cannot deny it—and you know that I love you better than my life! You did a wrong thing once, Penelope. You acted a lie! Heaven knows why you did it; but you did do it, and you might have wrecked my life. But you shall not wreck it altogether. You did wrong once; now I I shall do wrong. Yes!" his voice growing hard as iron, with a deliberation that was not natural—"Yes, I know all you want to say. You will tell me that I am a brute, that I am a blackguard, that another woman claims me. If you say this, Penelope, I shall answer that it is you who have made me this—you who have done all this. Now you see the result. You pushed me away from you, but I have come back, and I have come to stay! Look me in the eyes and tell me you do not love me. Swear here, in this sacred spot, that you did not know my love, and—"

Penelope was on her feet now, a bright spot of hectic coloring painted on her white cheeks, her eyes fixed with such a look as must have agonized the man before her had the madness of despair and misery not held him in bondage.

She tried to speak twice; her lips refused their office. When her voice did come it was hollow, broken—so laden with shame and suffering that Denis gave an involuntary start.

Could this be Penelope speaking?

"For all the wickedness I have done you I ask God to forgive me," she said, slowly, painfully. "For all the wrong you do now I will pray all my lifelong you may be forgiven—you may go content. Denis, if—if I have given you suffering, what—what suffering have you not given me now? I—" She put her hands suddenly before her eyes, then to her throat, and then she gave a sharp cry. "Mother! mother! Save me! help me! Let me come to you, mother!"

She staggered against the old wooden frame of the summer-house, and broke into such weeping as Denis had never heard in his life before.

It took him out of his madness immediately—a frenzy of shame, of sorrow at what he had done overwhelmed him.

Her knelt at her feet, imploring forgiveness. He touched her hand. She made no sign. He poured forth words of contrition—deep, earnest, sincere, and, at last, when the first tempest of tears had died away she looked down at him.

Her face was disfigured out of all beauty, her voice was husky and faint, her whole frame was shaking and trembling from the force of the nerve-storm that at last had broken upon her.

"Go; I forgive you!" she murmured, brokenly. "I forgive you, Denis; but you must go, and you must never see me again! never! never!"

He took her hand, not touching it with his lips, and paused an instant; then, rising without another word, he turned and left her.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT—NO. 5.]

◆

AN EASY WAY TO KEEP WARM.

A physician calls attention to this fact—that deep and forced respirations through the nose, being careful to hold the air as long as possible before expelling it, will keep the entire body in a glow in the coldest weather. He was himself half-frozen one night, and began taking deep draughts and keeping the air in his lungs as long as possible. The result was that he was thoroughly comfortable in a few minutes.

The deep respirations, he says, stimulate the blood-currents by direct muscular exertions, and cause the entire system to become pervaded with the rapidly generated heat.

DARBY, THE BEAR-HUNTER OF ALASKA.*

BY SEWARD W. HOPKINS,

Author of "In the China Sea," "Two Gentlemen of Hawaii," etc.

["DARBY, THE BEAR-HUNTER OF ALASKA" was commenced in No. 47. Back numbers of the *Ledger*, containing the opening chapters of this story, can be obtained of all Newsdealers. *Even if the News-dealer is out of back numbers, he will order them for you, if you request him to do so.*]

CHAPTER XXVI.

THERE was a peculiar light in Maxom's eyes. He looked at me. I *felt* what he was thinking. But just then it was dangerous to speak. Mesouga stood near us, ablaze with wrath.

He poured forth a perfect torrent of speech, first to one group of warriors, then to another, pointing now to the dead Tananahs on the crimsoned snow, then to the spots where his boats had been, and then to us.

We could see where the boats had been. The snow along the river bank was beaten down and scraped into deep grooves, showing where the heavy war-boats had been dragged up.

After a few minutes spent in thus haranguing his followers, Mesouga turned to us.

But now his manner changed. All the unbridled rage that had been apparent in his manner was gone. In its place was a calmness that was terrifying—a malignant cunning that was but too well understood by all of us.

If glances of wrath could kill, not one of Mesouga's prisoners, even to the innocent Chilcoots, would have lived an instant.

But the sudden change in the manner of the chief, while to one who knew even a little of the Indian nature it was in itself enough to cause terror, was also proof that he did not mean to strike us down in this, the first explosion of his wrath, but to reserve us for punishment, the most horrible that could be devised by himself and his savage advisers, that our dying agonies might be some slight balm to the injured pride and prospects of the party.

"Do the white prisoners know what has happened?" he asked. "Is the meaning of all this plain to them?"

"No, chief," replied Maxom, calmly, "It is not. You must remember that this is the first time we have been in this spot. All we can see is two Tananah warriors, dead, and beaten snow that looks as if boats had landed here and gone away again."

"The great Bear-Hunter of my enemies at Sitka has spoken the truth," said Mesouga. "The war-boats of the Tananahs came here. Mesouga and his braves left them in charge of two of his most trusted warriors. See? The warriors of Mesouga are no more. They are dead. The red snow that is colored by their blood tells Mesouga that an enemy with a knife has been here. And what did this enemy want of Mesouga's boats? Could he use them all? Could the silent foe who stole upon my warriors and plunged his knife into their hearts, put a foot in one boat, a leg in another, an arm in another, and paddle them all? What does the Bear-Hunter and the Long Knife say?"

"How do you know it was but one enemy?" asked Maxom. "There are Rats in the neighborhood. How do you know that a party of them has not discovered your war-boats and taken them away?"

A sneer curled Mesouga's lip.

"Does the Indian know his enemy?" he asked. "Or is the Tananah an owl that he looks wise and sees nothing? Do the Rats all walk on one pair of feet? Mesouga sees the tracks of three men. Two of them were his warriors, the other an enemy. Mesouga's warriors were killed for revenge. The boats were sent out on the river to drift away from us. Has the hunter or the Long Knife an eye to see?"

"See what?" I asked.

"The war-boat of Mesouga?"

He pointed down the river. There, seemingly a quarter of a mile away, stranded on a rock, nearly five hundred feet from the bank, was a long boat, such as are used by the natives along the Yukon as war vessels. It had evidently drifted with the swift current of the river, until it reached the rock which lay in its path, and was smashed upon it. No other boat could be seen. The others had missed the rock and hurried on down the swiftly-flowing river.

The warriors stood about in groups, waiting for Mesouga's orders.

He studied the situation carefully a moment, then he issued some commands.

The band turned their dog-teams around, and the procession moved slowly away from the spot, some of the men picking up the dead bodies of their comrades and placing them on sleds.

We were led slowly back over the route we had come, to the deserted camp. Here Mesouga, who had walked along ahead of us with bowed head, evidently much disturbed, growled out some more commands, and the warriors went at once to work to rebuild the camp they had demolished.

Mesouga, seeing the uselessness of the river, so far as the transportation of his band was concerned, had decided to return to his old encampment, until he could make some arrangements to get them over the three hundred miles of snow that stretched between them and their homes.

Immediately upon the completion of the work of rebuilding the encampment, a party of young men on sleds, drawn by four dogs each, hurried away from us, up toward the headwaters of the stream that flowed past us, and later we saw them scudding away to the north, getting nearer to the Yukon as they ran.

Mesouga did not favor us with a knowledge of his plans, but Maxom explained to me the two courses that were open to the enraged chief.

If the boats could be recovered, of course all difficulties came to an end. And there was no doubt that the party which had left had been dispatched to look up the boats.

If the boats were not found, the chief would, no doubt, remain in the present camp until the Yukon froze solid, and, if he had enough dogs and sleds to carry the members of his band, leaving behind his tents and equipments, he would strike off down the ice to the mouth of the Tananah. And if the means of transportation were inadequate, the Tananahs would, perhaps, attack the Rats and Kotch-a-Kutchins and take their dogs and reindeer, large numbers of both of these animals being owned by the tribes on the Porcupine.

The accident to the boats, which had so materially upset Mesouga's plans for the return of his party, also interfered with the plans for the burial of the Pigeon. The stay of the party in this camp might be prolonged to an indefinite length, and now that there were three dead in camp, it became necessary to dispose of them at once.

The encampment presented a busy scene for the remainder of the day, the Tananahs bending their energies toward making the place as comfortable as it had been before.

Maxom, Hadleigh and I had now been separated, so that speech between us was impossible.

I was firmly bound and placed inside one of the huts. The others, I supposed, were treated in the same way.

Late in the day a warrior brought me some boiled fish, and my hands were released long enough to enable me to eat.

I was then bound again, and left to my own bitter reflections for the night.

Surely, our situation was worse now than it had been at any time before.

CHAPTER XXVII.

There was evidently a great commotion in the encampment. Sounds came to me in my hut, which proved that something out of the ordinary was either happening or about to happen. The hubbub of many voices, the shouts of warriors, the cries and wailings of the girls of the Rats, the commands of the chief, whose voice was easily identified among those of his followers.

It was the second morning of my isolation. We had spent two nights in the camp. During all this time I had not seen Maxom, nor did I know what had been going on in the place. I was fed at intervals, but that was all.

My curiosity would now be satisfied, however, for when I had listened to the unusual sounds for about half an hour, they suddenly ceased. Then two stalwart Tananahs came into the hut and, releasing my feet and legs so that I could walk, beckoned for me to follow them.

This was at first a matter of some difficulty, for my muscles were stiff and sore from the confinement. I managed to scramble to my feet and limped out of the hut after my two guides.

At first my eyes were blinded by the glare from the snow. The first few minutes I spent blinking and trying to accustom myself to the light. When I had accomplished this, the first thing I saw was Maxom, not far away, being led, as I was, toward the space where the joy-dance of the Tananahs had been held.

And still a little farther away was Hadleigh, looking pale and weak, walking, under the care of a fierce Tananah, in the same direction.

The entire band was assembled.

In the center of the group, which was arranged in a semi-circle with their backs to the Yukon, stood three low biers made of dog-sleds laid upon posts; and upon one of these lay the body of the Pigeon, and upon the others were the bodies of the warriors who had been slain at their posts of duty.

Near them sat Mesouga, grim, sullen, silent, with some of his most trusted warriors close at hand.

At the head of each bier, or near it, was a post fastened in an upright position.

When I entered upon the scene I looked with suspicion at these posts. Too well I knew what they were for.

Near each post stood a couple of warriors holding in their hands some thongs of deerhide.

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My fears proved only too well founded.

At a gesture from Mesouga, Maxom was placed with his back to the post nearest the Pigeon, and was firmly fastened to it by the warriors.

My turn came next, and I was bound to the middle post.

On my left, Hadleigh was tied to the third.

When this was done to the satisfaction of the several warriors, they left us and took their places behind Mesouga.

By this arrangement, Maxom, Hadleigh and I looked into the faces of our enemies over the dead bodies of the two Tananahs and the bride of Delobrek.

We were the only ones of the entire party whose faces were turned toward the great river.

For a moment all was still.

Then Mesouga rose, and bending his fierce gaze upon us, said:

"When it is time for the great warriors of the Tananahs to strike, they do not fear. Mesouga has been in the homes of the white men near the coast, and has learned that they do not love the Indian. When Mesouga was a boy, he was taken from his people by a white trader and sold for thirty skins to white men who lived near the coast. Mesouga lived with these white men many years, and learned their language. That is why the great chief of the Tananahs can speak to you now in your own tongue. And while Mesouga lived with these white men he learned to hate them. They were not kind to Mesouga. They were cruel. They beat him when he did not please them. They gave him fire-water to drink, and then, when his legs refused to obey his will, they made him dance for their pleasure. But there came a day when Mesouga was a man. The fears of the boy were gone. The bravery of the man had come. Creeping upon the white men one night when they were asleep, Mesouga buried his knife, not once, but many times, in their hearts. Then he escaped and went to his people. They made him chief. He is the greatest chief the Tananahs ever had. He will make the Tananahs the rulers of Alaska, and drive from the feeding-ground of the reindeer and the moose all other Indians who will not become warriors of the Tananahs; and he will drive the white men from the place. Mesouga is a chief. He is great. Now listen to what Mesouga has to say."

"We have been listening, vain boaster," said Maxom. "What do we care for what you have said? You call yourself a man, and brave, and then boast how you killed your enemies while they slept. There is not a feeble warbler among the birds who has not more courage than Mesouga, the woman of the Tananahs."

I was aghast at this. Maxom's speech was certainly calculated to bring sure and speedy destruction upon us. But, I reasoned, he knew Alaska and the strange ways of her people. A warning from me would be unheeded. And, besides, perhaps he knew better than I, and his manner had been adopted for a purpose.

Mesouga stared at the intrepid hunter in amazement.

"The great hunter of the whites wishes to provoke Mesouga into plunging a knife into his heart, that he may escape the torture that will delight the young warriors of the Tananahs. They will laugh at him when he weeps. They will mock him when he cries out for mercy. Mesouga has spoken."

Here, indeed, I thought, might be an interpretation of Maxom's boldness. He wishes to arouse the passion of Mesouga to such a pitch that he will kill us instantly, thus enabling us to escape torture that might be worse than death.

"Yes," said Maxom, in reply to the chief, "Mesouga has spoken. Not once, but many times has the woman chief of the Tananahs spoken. And what has he said? Has he spoken the truth, or has he told us lies? The heart of Mesouga knows he is the greatest liar in Alaska."

Mesouga gave a shrug of contempt. Waving his hand toward his people, he sat down. They at once began a weird and solemn chant, bending the body backward and forward as they sang. It was the dirge of the two dead warriors. It was a long, monotonous chant, most of it being devoted to an exaltation of the bravery and hunting prowess of the two Tananahs. The chant lasted about fifteen minutes.

When this was ended, Mesouga bowed his head to the ground, as if to demonstrate the depth of his grief.

Now the fifteen young companions of the Pigeon came forward and stood near Mesouga, while they sang of the beauty and the goodness of the dead girl. While they sang, Delobrek, the bereaved husband, stood near the body of his bride and wept and beat his head.

When this and a few more ceremonies had been gone through, Mesouga rose again, and this time the glance he gave us was more wrathful, if possible, than before.

"Mesouga is a chief," he said. "The white hunter and the Long Knife and the woman man (this was his way of speaking of Hadleigh, because he was so weak and pale) know what is before them. The young men of the Tananahs will avenge their brothers."

At this there was a shout, and a score of the young men leaped from their positions in the circle to the center place near the chief. One of them, taking a long knife in his hand, stepped up to Maxom and placed the point of the knife at his throat. He did not wince. The savage pressed the knife a little, I expected each moment to see the life-blood of my courageous companion spurt from his jugular. But the brave was but trying him, and stepped back with a grunt of satisfaction.

"The white hunter is brave," said Mesouga. "He feels the knife, but does not flinch. He is not afraid. His spirit will not fear to wait upon the Pigeon in the everlasting hunting-grounds."

"Wetmore. Mesouga speaks the truth. The white men are always brave. They fear nothing. Death is nothing to them. The greatest torture they can bear is to hear Mesouga talk and tell his lies."

A fiercer light came into Mesouga's eyes. He seemed to be studying how to proceed. The dull-witted tribes of Alaska are not so brilliant in their conceptions of torture as their red brethren of the plains.

And while Mesouga was thinking, so was I.

Maxom had spoken my name before he began his sentence to the chief. It was evident that he wanted to call my attention to something or other, yet feared to speak because Mesouga was so near.

With beating heart, I waited.

A brave now stepped forward, and flourishing a club over Hadleigh's head, swung it through the air and brought it down—down—almost on the fellow's skull, stopping it just in time.

Hadleigh gave a gasp and fainted. The Indians shouted with delight.

"The white brother is asleep," said Mesouga, sneeringly. "Does he close his eyes that he may not see the pleasure of the Tananahs?"

"*Look* where you will, chief," said Maxom. "There are white men who are brave and others who are not. *Look* where you will among Indians—they are all alike—cowards!"

The slight emphasis Maxom had put upon that first "look," caught my ear. When it was repeated I was certain that he meant it for me. Evidently he wanted me to look somewhere, and was afraid to tell me outright.

Obedient to the vailed expression of his will, I did look.

I looked straight ahead, across two miles of snow, across the glistening Yukon, to the white and shining hills beyond. There was nothing within my range of vision that I had not seen before.

As if but the act of chance, I turned my gaze to the left, or southward. More miles of snow, great curves and sweeps of the mighty river. Mountains in the distance, their peaks hidden in clouds of mist.

Nothing in it all that was for us.

Slowly I rolled my eyes and looked toward the north.

The widening sweep of the Yukon. The rock upon which the war-boat of Mesouga was wrecked. The dull, threatening sky of the frozen north. That was all.

Disappointed, I let my gaze fall.

What was that?

On the very edge of the yawning precipice over which Tahnag had fallen, was Tahnag himself. Only his head could be seen. Carefully screening his body from observation behind a rock, he was watching with keen eyes the scene of which we were a part.

My heart gave a great bound.

Tahnag alive! Then he had gone for assistance.

Instinct seemed to tell me he had not returned alone.

I began to realize why Maxom had talked so much to Mesouga. It was to gain time—to give Tahnag a chance to get his warriors, if he had any, safely up the bluff.

If by any art we could keep Mesouga and his followers from turning round, and keep their attention riveted upon us! Where were the warriors of Tahnag? Had they yet come down the Yukon, or were they lying low under the shelter of the bluff?

Our powers must be exerted to the utmost.

Maxom, as soon as he realized that I had seen what he had, commenced a harangue that was directed at Mesouga, but which, so far as meaning or connectedness went, might as well have been addressed to the man in the moon.

Mesouga listened in astonishment. He had been prepared for a display of courage, for he knew that Maxom, at least, was a brave man. He was prepared for an exhibition of fear, or even cowardice, and knew how to treat it, but this sudden outbreak of loquacity caught him off his feet.

He simply sat and stared and listened.

Perhaps he thought that fear had turned Maxom's brain.

No matter what he thought, so long as neither he nor any of his warriors turned around.

Our greatest efforts were put forth to keep them interested in our antics.

When Maxom paused to get breath, I took it up, and launched forth in a torrent of words—words—words—none of which meant anything—yes, they might mean life for us.

When words of my own gave out, I began to quote. I hurled general orders of Division Commander Miles as if there was an army drilling and parading and camping and maneuvering around me.

I hurled the Lord's Prayer into the frigid atmosphere, at the same time sending an unspoken prayer to Heaven for sustenance in this hour of need.

Then Maxom began to sing, and I joined him. At the tops of our voices we shrieked out "Home, Sweet Home," "The Old Oaken Bucket," "The Soldier's Farewell," "Way Down on the Suwanee River," "Greenland's Icy Mountains," and every other song or hymn that we could remember, the correctness of words or time mattering not.

Oh, why did Tahnag delay? Had he come alone, after all, and was he but watching our torture from a safe spot? Maxom believed in him. Why not I?

Louder and louder we sang. More mystified did Mesouga become. The Tananah warriors grinned and nodded their heads toward us. This was a free exhibition they had not counted on. It was easy to see they were delighted.

We shouted "America" as if we wanted the strength of our voices to reach to Washington and attest our patriotism. We shrieked "God Save the Queen," as if every drop of blood in our veins was British.

While we were in the midst of "Nancy Lee," Tahnag made a mysterious signal and disappeared.

By the time we had sent "Upidee-ah-dee-ah-dah!" echoing out over the snowy wilderness, he had reappeared.

Suddenly a score of heads were seen. Louder we sang—more grimaces we made.

A perfect torrent of Indians was coming over the bluff. They came toward us. They were armed with rifles. At their head was Tahnag.

We sang on. Our audience grinned and showed its delight. Not a head was turned.

Ah! Only a second more.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The crack of a rifle was like a thunderbolt from a starry dome on a peaceful night.

With a roar of alarm the Tananahs leaped to their feet.

The avengers were upon them!

Mesouga cast one look at us. In that look he revealed his hate, his discovery of our ruse, his wish to strike us dead. But time was pressing him now. He needed all his skill and energy to save himself and his band from destruction.

With loud cries he encouraged his warriors, and sprang to their head.

There were many guns among the Tananahs, but many of them were armed only with spears and knives.

On came the enemy.

Tahnag uttered a shout. Then a blood-curdling yell burst from the throats of his followers. The death-knell of Mesouga was in the air.

The rifles blazed and cracked. The guns of the Tananahs returned the fire.

Tahnag leaped into the encampment and uttered a shout of triumph. Mesouga met him, and a fight between the two great chiefs ensued.

As I watched the combat, I was struck by the contrast between the opposing forces.

The Indians under Tahnag were nearer to the "ideal North American Indian," as Whymper puts it, than any I had yet seen in Alaska.

They were athletic in build; tall, and finely formed; their features regular, and their color lighter than that of the Tananahs.

Some of them wore war-paint which hideously disfigured them, but even this could not hide the fact that they were superior in looks to the Tananahs.

They fought with the ferocity of demons, and did not hesitate to kill their enemies, whether the Tananahs were boldly facing them or were running away.

The fight lasted, perhaps, half an hour. No more, and, perhaps, a little less time was needed to subdue the Tananahs. The last blow was a mighty stroke of Tahnag's arm that sent a knife into the heart of Mesouga and laid the lying chieftain low. When they saw their chief fall, the Tananahs at once made signs of submission, Tahnag shouted some orders to his men, and hostilities ceased at once. The remaining Tananahs gave themselves up, were disarmed, and treated as prisoners.

Tahnag came to us, severed our bonds, and set us free. Between him and Maxom there was a look—a handshake—the word "Se-chi-ah" spoken in a low tone. That was all. There was no emotion. They knew each other's heart, these two, and words were not necessary to the expression of their joy at meeting again.

Hadleigh soon revived. In fact, he *had* revived two or three times, and fainted again. When he came to his senses finally, and saw there was no danger, he sighed, a great, deep sigh of relief, and lay upon some skins, speechless.

When Tahnag set me free, I grasped his hand, and said:

"Tahnag, the faithful. You are like one risen from the dead. And what an arising! Noble fellow, you have done well. But tell us *how* you did it?"

The Kotch-a-Kutchin smiled, shrugged his shoulders, and pointing around him, said:

"Tahnag glad he was in time. No time now talk. Heap dead Indians must be buried. Kotch must eat. All Kotch warriors heap hungry. Hungry won't wait, talk will."

"True enough, old fellow," I answered.

And while he set about performing the last service to the dead, Maxom and I visited Mesouga's tent and regained possession of our rifles.

"That was a mighty close call," said Maxom. "We came near being victims of Mesouga's hate."

"*Very* near," I said. "And I am anxious to hear how Tahnag has brought about this victory."

"You won't get him to talk until his warriors are fed," said Maxom. "I have seen the Kotch on the war-path before. The comfort of his men is as much to him, more in fact, than to many a general in civilized armies."

While we were waiting for our feast of victory I asked Maxom about these Indians, and he told me something about their mode of life.

As our journeyings did not lead us into the villages of Tahnag's race, I cannot give an account of his people as the experience of an eye-witness; but I was much interested in them, and insert here some of the things that I learned of these warriors of the north.

In that portion of British America along the Lower Mackenzie River, as far east as Great Bear Lake, and westward to the boundary line between that territory and Alaska, and in Alaska, along the Porcupine River, and formerly on the Yukon itself, dwell the great tribe of Indians of which Tahnag was one. These Indians are known as the Loucheux, the Kutchins, and that branch of the race along the Porcupine is called the Kotch-a-Kutchin (Lowland People), sometimes curtailed to "Kotch" for convenience.

The language of this great tribe is totally different from that of any other North American tribe, and their customs and manners vary considerably from those of even their nearest neighbors.

They are an athletic and fine-looking people, with regular features and a complexion of a lighter copper color than the other Indians, and some of their women are very handsome. The women spoil their beauty, however, by tattooing, and use colored clay to make the effect more marked. But this, and other disfiguring customs, so Maxom told me, are being discarded under the teachings and advice of Tahnag, who is a power among them.

The outer shirt of the Loucheux, or Kutchin, is made of the skins of fawn reindeer, dressed with the hair on. It much resembles the same garment as used by the Esquimaux, the latter, however, being less ingenious, and more clumsy in their workmanship. The shirt is furnished with peaked skirts, those of the men being short, and those of the women very long. Though this garment is called a shirt, it is really a coat. When the weather is severe, and greater warmth is needed, hare-skins are used, or the sable, bear, otter, marten and fox furnish plenty of material for them.

None of the other tribes near them pay so much attention to personal cleanliness, nor are they so studious in the adornment of their persons. Beads are an important factor in their dress, and great bands of the brightest to be obtained are worn across the shoulders and breast. The skirts of the women, rich enough, one would think, when made of sable or otter skins, are further embellished by fringe and tassels, dyed porcupine quills being extensively used for this purpose. The fur boots are also ornamented with beads, and the head-dress is frequently a remarkable production in beads and feathers. A belle of a Kutchin village, thus adorned, must be an attraction indeed.

There was a time when the number of wives a Kutchin brave might have was limited only by his wealth. But now, the social conditions have so far changed that polygamy is almost unknown, and the women of the tribe are in every way above the level of their Alaskan sisters.

The Kutchins are a lively, cheerful people, fond of singing and dancing, in which they excel all other Indians of this part of the continent. Leaping, wrestling and other athletic exercises are favorite amusements.

During the short summer, the Yukon Kutchins—now the Kotch-a-Kutchins of the Porcupine—dry, for their winter use, the white-fish, which they catch by planting stakes across the smaller rivers and narrow lakes, and closing the openings with wicker baskets. They take the moose deer in snares, and toward spring great hunting parties go into the mountains to hunt.

The villages of the Kutchins are models in their way, more attention being paid to hygienic rules than is usual among Indians. The houses in winter are built of skins stretched over a wooden frame, and snow hardened by melting and freezing, banked around the outside. The warmth of such a structure is amazing. In summer, of course, the tents alone suffice, If a forest of spruce or fir is available, many of the villages have log huts.

The morals of these people are better than is the rule among savage tribes.

So much for the Kutchins, a band of whom, under Tahnag, had just saved us from a horrid death.

At last our meal was ready, and we ate it. The warriors sat in a circle, their prisoners in the center, and Tahnag, with ourselves, in a position of honor.

The Kutchin cooks had done well, and we enjoyed an excellent dinner. When it was over, Tahnag, Maxom and I went apart from the others, to enjoy a quiet chat and smoke in peace.

"Come, now, Tahnag," I said, "tell us how you circumvented that devil, Mesouga, and escaped."

"Hi! Not much to tell," he grunted, puffing away contentedly on his pipe. "When Mesouga got drunk, Tahnag make seem get drunk too. No get drunk. Stay sober. Mesouga think drunk, and Tahnag dance all over same as Tananah braves. Dance on edge of cliff, then dance back again. Do this one. two, three times, and Mesouga think Tahnag drunk fool. Once Tahnag dance on edge—dance over. Mesouga no see. When he miss Tahnag think him drowned. Hi! Tahnag not drown in little water like that. Tahnag swim the rapids of the Yukon. Swim down a heap small way, then get out and hide till night. When night come all sleep. Then Tahnag crawl away from hiding-place and run toward Yukon. You know what Tahnag want there? Tahnag not know boats of Mesouga there. But him know the *Te-tsun* be there that day with Kowaks taking to Fort Yukon like I said. See? When Tahnag get to Yukon, see many boats and two Tananahs asleep. Kill 'em! Stab 'em quick, and send all boats but one out into river. Think Tananah not get away till Tahnag get back. Keep little boat and go out on river. Wait, wait, heap while, and pretty soon Bear-Hunter's boat come along, two Kowaks rowing like 'em want get to Fort Yukon next year. Get in, send Tananah boat loose, make Kowaks hurry. Get to Fort Yukon, go up Porcupine, get band of Kotches. Hurry back. That all. Not much. Glad to get back on time."

"Not much!" I repeated. "Well, to my mind, it is the greatest feat I ever heard of, by Indian or white man. Tahnag, you are worthy to be a chief—nay, a king."

"But, Tahnag," said Maxom, "did you see any one at Fort Yukon? Did you ask if —if—the girls had got there?"

"No ask," said Tahnag. "If Tahnag take time ask, stop at Fort Yukon, one hour, two hours, half day, where Bear-Hunter and white brother be *now?* See?"

Did we see? The argument was absolutely unanswerable.

"You did well," said Maxom. "Our first duty, now, is to make Fort Yukon, and see if they have been seen. If they are there, our troubles are over. If not, God help them, and save them from all harm."

Tahnag made no answer. He rose and left us, and issued an order or two. In a short time the camp was all commotion. The Rat girls were taken in hand, and a conference was seen to be in progress. Tahnag was evidently acting as a judge.

One by one the Rat girls left the Kutchins, and stepped to the side of her Tananah husband.

"Nirzih!" said Tahnag, returning to us. "Rat girls love Tananah husbands. No want go back. Say no young men in Rat villages. Want marry, Better leave 'em go with husbands. Tananah want wife. If one village all men, and other village all women, and nobody marry, then soon be no more Indian in Alaska. Give Tananah wife and Rat girl husband, What say?"

"Do it," said Maxom, "if it is their choice."

"Hi! choice? Yes; all time women same. If can't get friend for husband, take enemy. No care, so long get husband. Come. No more work here. Leave Tananah to go home. Got dogs. Some Tananahs dead. Dogs carry all what left. Come."

It was as he had said.

The Tananahs remained in their encampment, sullenly watching the departure of their enemies.

Tahnag gave the word, and in another moment we were in full swing over the snow toward the Yukon, where the boats of Tahnag's warriors had been left, there to embark, continue on our interrupted way to Fort Yukon, and pursue the search for the girls we loved.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT—NO. 5.]

◆

A LEGEND WITHOUT A TRAGEDY.

Ten daughters had Donald McPherson,
  Ten daughters and never a son;
Like a steep flight of stairs were the lassies,
  And fair as the day every one.
But Donald, he fretted and worried,
  And envied his neighbor McKay,
Whose boys climbed the trees and the fences,
  An army in battle array.

So strange is this world, or the mortals
  That people this planet of ours;
For McKay and his wife burned with envy
  And railed at poor Fate and her powers,
That gave to that ugly McPherson
  So many fair girls as his share,
And denied them *one* daughter to brighten
  And sweeten life's toil and its care!

Meantime, as the "gude folk" went fretting
  And storming at obstinate Fate,
The boys and the girls played together
  As happy as heirs of the great.
The lads made the fair lassies braver
  In roaming the banks and the braes,
While the fair lassies made the lads better
  And softened their boisterous ways.

Years passed and the young people married,
  The two houses joined into one,
Till each has ten sons and ten daughters,
  For thus the strange story doth run.
The old folks then sat in the corner,
  With joy and contentment elate,
The elder McKays and McPhersons,
  Nor railed any more at poor Fate!

◆

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RUSSIAN POETRY.

BY SOPHIE FRIEDLAND.

How painfully little is known of the works of our great Russian poets I have had occasion to learn during my travels, and principally during my visit to the United States. Our young people are made to read the translations of all foreign authors as soon as they are of an age to understand them, and years ago my interest for America was roused by the patriotic poems of Lowell. A deep feeling of disappointment, therefore, filled my heart when an American professor once told me that he had never heard of Pushkin, the glorious Russian bard, who, although cut off in the prime of life, has left a literature which counts amongst the best in the world. Though it has often been said that there is no language rich enough to render the thoughts of Pushkin, his works, one and all, have been translated into all modern tongues; but whether they are read is another question.

It is a fact that while romanticists like Tolstoi, Tourgenieff and Dostojeffsky are greatly appreciated out of Russia, our poets are hardly known at all. The rich harmony of the Russian language, with its musical accents, particularly in verse, offers great difficulties to the translator, for the modern languages, like German and English, are too colorless to render favorably the depths of the Russian expressions.

The poems of Pushkin, Lermontoff, Fet, Maykoff, Nekrassoff, Polonsky and Count Alexis Tolstoi (a relative of Count Leo) have all been translated, but, as I read them, I find that the different translators have hardly done justice to the original. It is only Asharme who, by his thorough knowledge of both Russian and German, his thorough understanding of the Russian characteristics and his own great poetical talent, has succeeded in giving to the German world an idea of our epical and lyrical literature.

Before me is a book of poems by Count Alexis Tolstoi, the author of the famous "Prince Serebranjy" and the great dramatical trilogy, "The Death of Ivan the Terrible." What a depth of feeling! What a wealth of expression! Count Tolstoi has sat as a child on the knee of Goethe, and seems to have inherited from the immortal German poet the deep philosophical thoughts and the rich sentiments on which his works are based. He believes in the holy mission of his songs. They are a constant striving to reach the highest eternal ideal. His lyrical creations are rich in allegories and beautifully chosen comparisons. "From the Skies unto the Earth Spring has strung her harpsichord," sings Tolstoi. Through his popular songs sweeps a wave of melancholy, a mystical pondering, with a strong tendency to pantheism.

"Do not fell, dear father mine, the birch so tall and slender,
Do not cut, dear brother mine, the grass so green and tender;
Do not pluck, sweet sister mine, the flowers from the dell,
Do not draw, oh, mother mine, the water from the well!
Myself, I am the birch so slim and the grass so tender,
And the breezes in the air kiss my form so slender;
In the dell the flowers blue, they are my eyes so bright,
From which, in drops so clear, the tears flow day and night."

How different are the poems of Nekrassoff! What a deep, hopeless pessimism pervades them all! Nekrassoff's tender heart is constantly filled with the suffering of his people, and his pen has often harsh and bitter expressions not softened by "a ray of eternal beauty." Like the cuts of a lash fall his words in the poems written before the liberation of the serfs. All his scornful hatred of the intolerable condition of things, the famous poet gives in his "The Land of My Birth:"

"Oh, tell, oh, name the place where is the deeply longed for?
Where your supporter and guard, the Russian peasant, did not groan?
He groans in the meadows and fields; he groans in the tumult of cities,
He groans in his iron chains, in the mines, which are now his world.
On the Volga, hearken! Whose are the groans which fill the air along the mighty river?
The Burlaky's groans they are—they call them songs—to sneer there is no need.
Volga, Volga, thy current does not flow so fast as flow my people's tears!
Where the people, there are groans," etc.

It is just fifteen years since Nicholes Nekrassoff, the bard of "Public Grief" and "The Peasants' Woe," was laid in his grave; but he is still spoken of as if he were alive. The path that leads to his grave is constantly crowded with pilgrims, ever longing to offer a prayer for the soul of him whose only thought was to relieve the sufferings of humanity.

In speaking of Alexis Tolstoi and Nekrassoff first, I have been ungrateful to the memory of Pushkin, who was the first to create in Russian poetry an independent power under him—it stood erect, wild and free. The problem of describing the nature of the Russian land and people, and of representing the domestic world in poetry, was taken up for the first time by Alexander Pushkin.

Like other leading Slavic poets of his period, Pushkin was greatly influenced by Byron, and his great epical poem, "Eugene Onegine" is Byronism in its strongest essence. From the beginning he is very peculiar because of his violent temperament. On his mother's side he descended from the negro Hannibal, whom Peter the Great had bought and educated, and the face of the author, as well as his poetry, plainly betrays his African blood. His father was a man of the world, who spoke no other language but the French, and caused his son to do the same. Pushkin was indebted to his nurse alone, a Russian peasant woman, for his early and fruitful acquaintance with the popular ballads and fairy tales of Russia. In 1820 he published his first poem, "Ruslan and Ludmilla," a fairy tale in verse. Pushkin is the first modern person in Russian poetry, or, rather, the first illustrious man in Russia who had the courage to express his personality fully in poetry. In contrast to his predecessors, he asserted himself, even when a youth, without respect for tradition or authority in literature; and even when very young he bore the stamp of greatness on his forehead and the style and power in his aspect as a poet which compelled his contemporaries to greet him as a chief. Pushkin belonged to those who are assailed, envied and hated, but who are never put in the second rank.

The combination of power and grace in his language surpassed in a high degree anything that had been known before. He was one of the first in Russia who made collections from the epic songs of our people.

His only great drama, "Boris Godunoff," has often been compared to the Shakespearian plays, so much masterly spirit does it contain. Pushkin, constantly attacked by the Government, constantly at variance with himself, was morally a sick man; but in attaining the high point of presenting the healthy, he possessed in an extraordinary degree the characteristic of a great artist. The artist is generally an outlaw, a living irregularity, a watch which goes now too fast, now too slow. His surprising quality, therefore, is that the product is healthy, obedient to law—a watch which goes right. So it was with Pushkin. As a man, he was only in too high a degree a child of St. Petersburg society, a slave of fashion. As a poet, he shows a hatred of all society culture and criticises strongly the conventionalities demanded by social life.

Pushkin has been exiled twice; once because he had written the ode, "To the Dagger," which denoted him the revolutionary poet, and a little later for his ode, "On Freedom." The six years' exile from St. Petersburg doubtless saved the poet's life. He would decidedly have taken part in the revolt of December, 1825, on the accession of Czar Nicholas I. to the throne, if he had been on the spot. After the fearful result of the revolution, when he petitioned the Czar for the termination of his exile, he humbled himself no more than to admit, in answer to the direct question of Nicholas, that his sympathies on the 25th of December had been on the side of the rebels. The Czar pardoned him, and promised to protect him against the stupidity of the censorship by being himself his censor for the future. At the same time he received a pension of six thousand roubles a year for writing the history of Peter the Great.

Pushkin did not refuse the Czar's favors, but in his heart he suffered for the friends of his youth who were languishing in prisons or in exile. He was too unlike his new, worldly-minded associates among whom he was placed, too thoroughly original, too proud and sarcastic, too much admired and appreciated by those who understood his genius not to be hated and envied. It was this hatred that made him challenge the Dutch adventurer, Dantés de Hechern, by whose hand he fell, aged thirty-seven. His murderer only died a few week ago.

It was Lermontoff who expressed the outburst of anger of the younger generation at Pushkin's untimely death. In 1837 the twenty-three-year-old poet was exiled to the Caucasus for the elegy written on that occasion, which expressed what everybody felt, the Czar included, but in which Lermontoff had shown the boldness to call on the latter for vengeance on the murderer, who was one of the favorites of the Imperial Court. At the end of a year he was pardoned, and lived in St. Petersburg, highly esteemed as a poet. His great poem, "The Hero of Our Time," also reminds us of Byron. It speaks of the beauty of the Caucasus, to which he was again and again banished—the greatness in nature and in the hero's soul.

Pushkin had already tried his hand at the old legends, but only in romantic poems. Lermontoff reproduced the spirit of the historical and heroic ballads. His "Song of Czar Ivan Vassillevitz and the bold merchant Kalashnikoff" is a masterpiece. He has also written a number of short lyrical poems in which his proud soul unreservedly exposed the obstinacy of his character. Pushkin could yield; allow himself to be won over; become a patriot—he, never. His friends disappointed and betrayed him; he continued faithful. He was surrounded by spies, suspected when he was silent, accused when he spoke, denounced and hated, but he was always greater and stronger than fate. They reviled him for being a poor patroit. He answered:

"I love my country, but I can feel no enthusiasm for barbarity."

In his poem "My Fatherland," he says: "I do not value that fame which is bought with blood, nor that proud confidence which relies on bayonets." And a similar outburst of contempt we find in his masterly battle-piece "Valeric."

The most hidden emotions of Lermontoff are reached in the collection "Little Conceits and Fancies." "They tortured him, because he dared to think, stoned him because he dared to speak; they could make no answer, and this was the sole cause of their frenzy," he says.

In the "Hero of Our Time" he has painted characters the prototypes of which could be found in the higher ranks of the society of to-day. A comrade of Lermontoff, Martinoff, felt that he had been insulted in several places of the poem, and challenged him. In the duel which followed Lermontoff fell, pierced to the heart, at the age of twenty-seven.

Tukovsky, the preceptor of Czar Alexander II., owes his literary fame principally to his perfect translations of foreign poets; he is the first Russian poet to whom we are indebted for a good knowledge of English and German sentimental poetry, and he is therefore called the father of romance. The first time I read Homer's "Odyssey" and Longfellow's poems, it was in a translation by Tukovsky.

His free, masterly language first made him celebrated in his poem "The Singer in the Russian Camp." He has also written original epics, poems, ballads and tales, but in almost every one we can point out foreign models, for the Russian antiquity and the Middle Ages were at that time still a sealed book.

To speak of all Russian poets space forbids, but I should like to mention one, who although we do not rank him with Pushkin or Lermontoff, with Nekrassof or Tolstoi, is counted as a national poet of merit. Afanassy Fet, who died but a few years ago, has left us poems which have answered to the demands "of Russian hearts."

His love for Nature and her beauty inspired him to become a great artist in the realm of poetry. What Gogol once called the "Poverty of Russian Nature" was an eternal source of rich thought and feeling for Fet. In 1840 he first published a book of poems, which by their expression of feeling, their noble thoughts, their simplicity and earnestness penetrate the heart of the reader. He understood how to awaken in the soul of men a deep sympathy for humanity, love of nature with her eternal beauty and truth, and belongs to the shining stars in a poetical world which at the present time in Russia, like in all other countries, is more than devoid of them.

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THE LUXURY OF SHABBINESS.

There is a luxury of shabbiness which exceeds any feeling which has its root in pride. It is the luxury of a kind which loves above all things to avoid trouble, and to feel the advantage of a sort of disguise which increases real freedom of action. When Haroun-al-Rashid went about in Bagdad in the disguise of a merchant, he probably felt twice as powerful as he did when he sat on the throne of the Caliphs, for he felt twice as free. He was free to act like an ordinary citizen, and yet free also to resume his sovereign power at pleasure. To ordinary men, the comfort of shabbiness, where shabbiness is not imposed upon them by their narrow income, is that they feel really at liberty to spend exactly as they please, without conforming to anybody else's judgment of what it would become them to do. Besides, even the richest man or woman is unwilling to expose good clothes to injury or ruin, whereas it is sometimes quite a relief to find a suitable occasion for finally repudiating clothes of which one is weary, partly because they are so shabby, more because, like old servants, they are so presuming, and seem to claim a right over you, and to take for granted that you can never turn off such old and tried friends.

Now if the conventions of society restrict your liberty in one way, the habits of which you have got weary restrict it in another, and you never feel so free as when you are dressed in shabby clothes, for the protection of which you feel no kind of anxiety, and yet which you would not be sorry for an opportunity of finally discarding. The last uses of a shabby suit are the pleasantest ones. You feel no responsibility for them, and yet you are not willing to find an opportunity for a rupture with a disguise which you begin to think a little unworthy of you. In shabby clothes you persuade yourself that your dignity is all interior, and that you have no need of dress to sustain it. But none the less you anticipate without unmixed regret the prospect of assuming a costume more in proportion to your intrinsic merits. And when you can combine the freedom of a nearly worn-out dress with the anticipations of casting off the chrysalis and coming forth like a butterfly, you are probably at the high-water mark of self-satisfaction. To unite the keen sense of being above dress with an equally keen sense of being fully entitled to dress well, and of the intention to justify that title, is perhaps the very acme of any luxury that clothes can confer. You enjoy your proud superiority doubly, first in parading your indifference to the "accidents" of dress, and next in the immediate prospect of properly asserting that superiority on a fitting and near occasion.

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—What is claimed to be the largest single pane of glass in the country was received at Hartford, Conn., from Belgium, recently. It is 12½ feet high, 15½ feet wide, half an inch thick, and weighs 1,800 pounds.

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EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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THE NEED OF SHIPS OF WAR.

The question whether or not we have a sufficiently formidable and awe-inspiring navy is one that often comes up in private conversation, public debate and ordinary newspaper writing. There is much to be said in favor of a thoroughly equipped and up-to-date navy, and but little to be said against it. True, it is or may be an expensive luxury, but the cost of it is a small matter compared with its value in maintaining the prestige of the American nation and in sustaining its dignity at home and abroad. There is nothing that strikes the average beholder as more convincing and suggestive of the importance and strength of a country than a fine array of warships. Even their presence is strength and solidity to the nation.

The United States is able to own and keep up a first-class equipment of this sort, and there is excellent reason why it should do so. To be sure, we have merchantmen that only need a little reconstruction to go out on the high seas as warships, but this is not enough. Whoever has given any attention to the subject knows very well that a company of United States troops, soldiers of the regular army, will command respect and awe a mob into submission when double the number of militiamen, who are called out from their various trades and occupations, are treated either with contempt or are obeyed with a half-hearted, grudging sort of air that is much more eloquent than words and speaks volumes in favor of a well-drilled, well-disciplined, regular force of men.

It would be a good deal this way with merchant ships. Enemies would show us little quarter, thoroughly understanding that they could not compete with ships built and equipped from the foundation for purposes of war.

To be sure, we are making some progress, but we could do better and have much more to be proud of. The following official statement is interesting in this connection:

"In 1885, there were in commission or fitting out at navy yards 32 wooden vessels of a displacement of 66,000 tons and 7 iron ships of 6,900 tons, making a total of 39 ships with a displacement of 72,900 tons. On July 1, 1895, there were in commission or fitting out, 11 wooden vessels of 18,300 tons displacement, and 32 steel or iron vessels of 104,500 tons displacement, or a grand total of 43 vessels of 122,800 tons displacement. The above figures are exclusive of torpedo boats, tugs and receiving ships."

By all means let us have a few high-class up-to-date A 1 ships of war, ships that Uncle Sam can be proud of, and that the navies of the world will salute with a full knowledge that they are foes worthy of their best efforts.

◆

THIEVES AND JEWELS.

The seers and prophets of old said and sent down to us very many wise and interesting things, and of these one of the most important injunctions is in regard to laying things up where thieves may not break through and steal.

When these words were spoken, society was in some respects much the same as at present. Thieves flourished, and those who had great possessions found it necessary to guard them carefully.

There are many people who are not able to see the wisdom of putting vast fortunes into jewels that may be carried off in the pockets of a thief without exciting suspicion. Investing a fortune in jewels and keeping them in the dwelling is a very unwise proceeding. It jeopardizes the lives of the members of the household and makes the residence an object of the espionage and scrutiny of evil-doers.

There is little question that had the young son of the millionaire whose house was lately robbed persisted in the search after the cause of the noise he heard, he would have shared the fate which usually overtakes those who interfere with the designs of criminals. When men enter a house for the purpose of robbery, they go prepared to kill, if necessary. A life is nothing to them if it stands in the way of the success of their undertaking or their escape.

It is a well-understood fact that New York has been for some time infested with burglars and criminals of a very desperate sort. A number are out from serving time in prison, and others have come from all over the country, hoping to reap rich harvests during the society season, when fashionable women are so interested in social matters that they forget to exercise even common prudence about their valuables. That any person should leave a dwelling unguarded, practically unlooked after, and in it an enormous amount of transportable property—property that can be turned into cash without detection or identification, and can be secreted in the ordinary clothing of a common thief—is almost past belief. Incidents of this sort merely go to underscore the statement that wealth invested in precious stones is not a very desirable thing unless one has extra facilities for keeping it. It is altogether likely that the people who helped themselves to these jewels had for some time been watching their opportunity, and knew precisely where they were to be found and how best to reach them.

The ordinary dwelling offers little obstacle to the entrance of a professional cracksman. It is only necessary for him to take his bearings, which he does with a degree of intelligence born of long practice. Unsuspecting and careless families go out from their homes, probably under the very eyes of those who are waiting the chance to walk in and help themselves to their valuables. There are better ways to use money than to leave it about as a temptation to criminals; better put it in real estate, or in almost anything that an adroit thief cannot slip into his overcoat pocket and carry away.

◆

THE CONDITION OF TURKEY.

War-talk and the excitement incident thereto has for the time being drawn attention somewhat away from Turkey and her internal and external dissensions.

It seems that England, however, has not been idle, and although deeply interested in her relations with America, has, according to accounts, found time to have a little fraternal understanding with Russia about the possibility of slicing up the domain of the Sultan. The help of Russia is necessary if England would secure the territory along the Burman frontier, and Russia has secured the coöperation of England in her scheme for occupying some of the Turkish provinces in Asia Minor. The Russian army and the British fleet will unite in a scheme which is looked upon with approval by all classes of Englishmen. They see in it a possible pathway out of a situation that has become so aggravated as to be a disgrace and a blot upon European civilization.

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER FREE.

We want a bright boy or girl to act as our agent in every city or town in the country. If there is no agent in your town, read our offer on page 19, and get the *New York Ledger* free. See also how your young friend can get a watch free.

PRIZE POETRY.

We think the philosophy of the following lines will be appreciated by many of our readers:

MARLBORO, Jan. 14, 1896.

Robert Bonner's Sons.

SIRS:—
I feel it very cruel,
And I want to tell you why,
I have to take my gruel
With exceeding bitter cry.
I long have read your paper,
And from out my slender purse
Have doled the sum of purchase,
Tho' times grew hard, and worse;
Then the last straw was added
And all were out of work,
And the sky of life was clouded
With Poverty's black murk.
The tax-bill frowned upon me,
The butcher, he frowned too,
And the grocer's bill kept growing
'Till I knew not what to do;
When there came a ray of promise
That my pathway seemed to light,
You named a list of prizes,
How they danced before my sight.
And I read the sad, strange story,
I studied it by day,
Hope fought my waking cares by night
And drove them from my way,
And I gave a plain solution,
With the ground for my belief,
And I gave it all correctly,
Save the motive of the thief.
I dared not think the largest prize
Would be the prize for me,
But I thought a second almost sure;
I could hardly wait to see.
And my heart grew sick within me
When I read the name list o'er,
And my load of care and sorrow
Grew much heavier than before.
It is hard—so hard and cruel—
To be always pushed aside,
But I had to take my gruel,
So I drank it down—and cried.

S. E. OLMSTEAD.

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THE GREATEST GOLD CAMP ON EARTH.

BY FRANK A. ROOT.

Only within a very recent period has mention been made of Cripple Creek, Colorado, although it is doubtless the greatest gold camp on earth. Thousands of the readers of the *New York Ledger* have probably heard very little of this camp. It exists, however, and it is located within the bounds of our own broad country, in the great Centennial State. It is, perhaps, fifty miles east of the continental divide, the great watershed of North America, and almost under the shadow of Pike's Peak. The new mining district was named for the creek on which it is located, and the creek was so called from the fact that a herder of cattle, some years ago, had the misfortune, while crossing it, to cripple a steer and also the horse he was riding. This caused him to fall from the animal, resulting in crippling himself. Hence the camp was christened with its very appropriate although somewhat odd-sounding name.

The discovery which led to the excitement that inevitably follows a rich gold-strike was made during the fall of 1890, and it was not long thereafter that the town of Cripple Creek was laid out and platted. Near the center of the town stands a pole nearly one hundred feet high, from the top of which waves the flag of our country. At the base of the flag-staff the altitude is a fraction over 9,480 feet, or about one and three-fourths miles above the sea. There are places on the town site, however, that are over 150 feet higher. The town stretches out over a number of hills and valleys, and the stream whose name it bears winds its way in a serpentine course through one of the gulches.

In much of the rock-cropping on the town site it is said a "color" can be found by pulverizing the rock and washing it, miner-fashion, in a pan. Sometimes persons washing the loose soil, sand and gravel by the old-fashioned rocker process are rewarded for their labor with quantities of the precious yellow stuff, ranging in value from $2.50 to $15 for a day's work. As high as $25 a day have been washed out by one man. But such places, except on what is known as placer ground, are not often found. They are not lying around loose, but, on the contrary, are quite rare. The ground in the vicinity has all been "staked off," or "located," by parties who were fortunate enough to get into the district at an early day after the discovery of gold. Following the first precious finds, miners and prospectors continued to pour in from every point of the compass, swelling the numbers of the throng, until to-day there are from 5,000 to 7,500 people in the city of Cripple Creek. Prospecting has progressed so vigorously that there are now over 100 producing mines, with upwards of 12,500 locations, or prospect holes, scattered throughout the whole district. This district is a large one, and comprises a half dozen or more suburban mining settlements and towns—within a radius of five or six miles—with a population of at least 15,000. The sides of the surrounding hills are thickly dotted with prospect holes, scores being seen in every direction. There has never been so much prospecting done in any one year in the history of the camp as during the year 1894, and never before have so many rich strikes been made.

The various mines and locations are named according to the whim of the owner, such names as April Fool, Blue Elk, Cyclone, Dante, Grover Cleveland, Dolly Varden, Snide, Tornado, World's Fair, Zenobia, Jack Pot, King of Diamonds, Monte Cristo, Optimus and thousands of others, many of which are as ludicrous, gracing the location stake. For some time the "Pharmacist"—located by a Colorado Springs druggist—had the reputation of being the best piece of mining property in the district.

There are now from twenty-five to fifty mines that, as gold producers, equal if not excel the Pharmacist. The "C. O. D.," the Elkton, Gold Dollar, Moose, Pike's Peak, Portland, Prince Albert, Raven, Victor, and last, though by no means least, the Independence, are remarkable mining properties that are expected to make vast fortunes for their owners.

Between four and five years ago the owner of the Independence struck the camp. His total worldly possessions at the time were less than five dollars in value. It has been about a year since he passed the millionaire point, and he is now taking out of his mine every week more money than would be required to pay the annual salary of President Cleveland. He made a shipment to Denver of ten cars of ore from this property in one day during the month of January, 1895, which netted him over ten dollars for each tick of the clock for twenty-four hours. Just think of one million dollars of gold, net, for one day's shipment of ore from one mine!

The men employed in this mine work in three "shifts," of eight hours each. The shaft has reached a depth of over two hundred feet, and drifts have been run some distance on the various levels. The Independence is now, by all odds, regarded as the richest and best paying mine in the country, still the owner of it is the same genial, warm-hearted gentleman, and wears the same size hat that covered his head the first day he reached the camp. His name is W. S. Stratton. He is a bachelor, formerly from the Hoosier State, and is very much admired. He is generous to the poor, gives freely to the churches, and donates liberally to many worthy enterprises. On the first day of January, 1895, he turned over a new leaf. He made a resolution on that day to do no more work on Sunday. Before that time a day of rest was almost unknown at his mine. The manager of his property estimates that when the shaft has reached a depth of one thousand feet, with the same average returns that have already rewarded the owner, he will have taken out of the Independence more gold than has been extracted from all the mines of South Africa.

The time is not far distant when the Cripple Creek district will have several millionaires. It is somewhat remarkable that all the men in camp who have been so fortunate as to "strike it rich," as the miners put it, went there poor. Some of them had only the clothes on their backs, and a blanket or two for bedding. While many persons have made but little in mining operations, the few have amassed large sums in real-estate transactions. Choice business lots which at first sold for less than one hundred dollars each, have since gone up to prices ranging from twenty-five hundred dollars to five thousand dollars. Some of the extra choice corners are held by speculators at seven thousand five hundred dollars. Except mining, nearly every line of mercantile business or legitimate pursuit in Cripple Creek is greatly overdone, there being fully double the number of stores and shops that the camp can support. Rents are naturally exorbitantly high, as they are in every liv mining camp.

The adventurous youth, starting out i the world alone, and casting his lot amon strangers and in a strange land, would d well to think carefully before going t Cripple Creek to locate. There, as else- where, "all is not gold that glitters." It i hard to resist the almost numberless vic and temptations that beset his pathwa The town has its schoolhouses, churche Sunday schools, Young Men's Christia Association, Salvation Army, reading room etc., still it is not without its saloo gambling houses, and scores of infamo dens into which the young man, if not e tremely cautious, is almost certain to allured.

After a recent residence of several mont in this famous mining camp, the writer i satisfied its attractions are liable to misle the young men. The seeker after gold ca as readily find the precious stuff elsewher and under more favorable circumstance Still the Cripple Creek mining district i no doubt, the greatest gold-mining camp earth, and in the future, as in the past, hu dreds and thousands of men from all pa of the country will flock there, in hope making their fortune.

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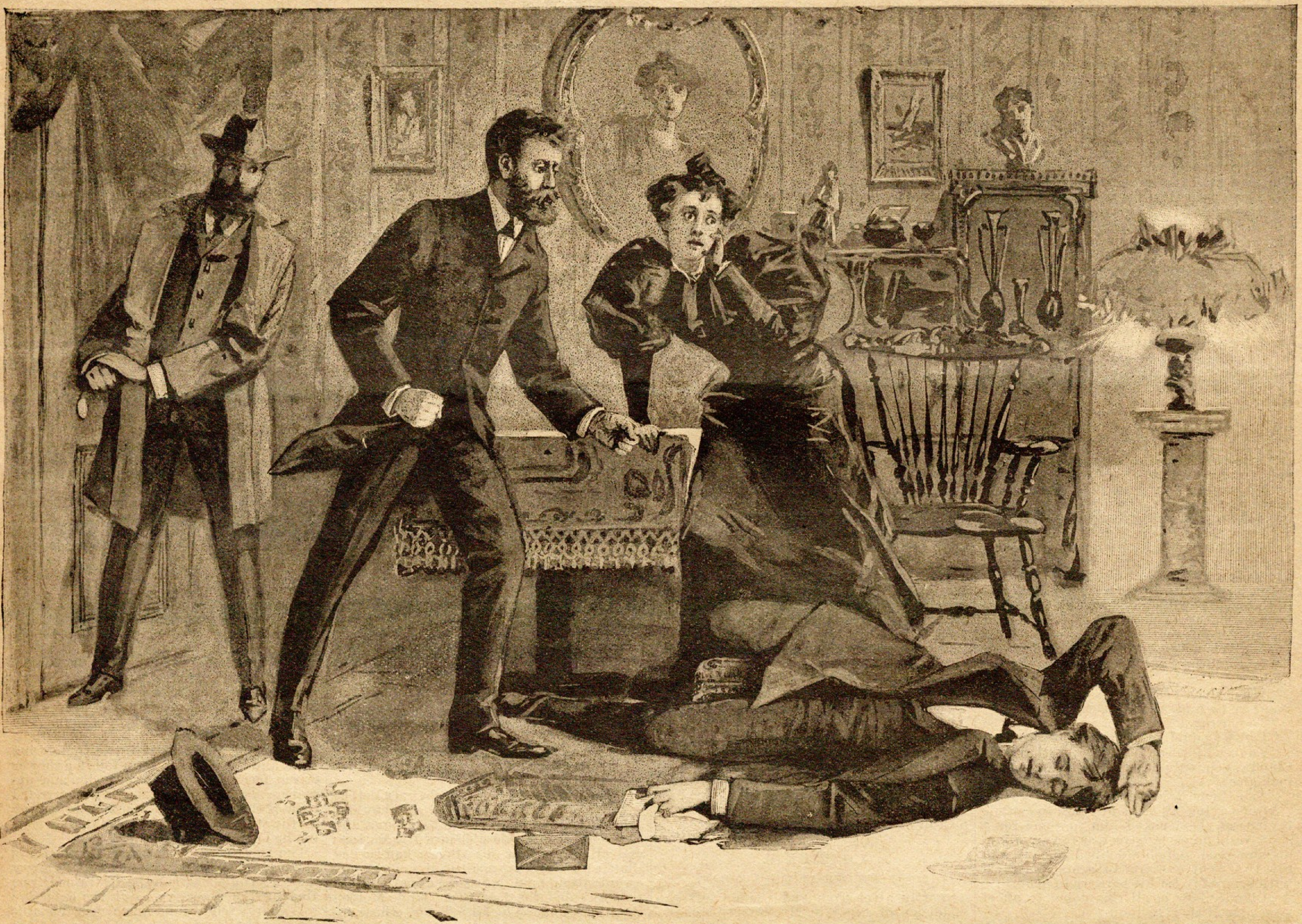
—Two farmers of Sharpsburg, Ky., boug twenty dollars' worth of law apiece recen in trying to settle in court a disputed d of twenty cents. Then they took the mat out of court and compromised.



ONE SWIFT, SURE BLOW, AND FLETCHER WENT SPRAWLING TO THE FLOOR.

THE DARK STRANGER.*

BY JOHN R. MUSICK,

Author of “*Mysterious Mr. Howard.*”

[“THE DARK STRANGER” was commenced in No. 3. Back numbers of the *Ledger*, containing the opening chapters of this story, can be obtained of all Newsdealers. *Even if the Newsdealer is out of back numbers, he will order them for you, if you request him to do so.*]

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENT.

[In order that *new* readers of the *Ledger* may begin with the following installment of this story, and understand it just the same as though they had read it all from the beginning, we here give a synopsis of that portion of it which has already been published: The scene of the story is New York, and the time nearly fifty years ago. Robert Morton is a rich merchant and a childless widower. When his nephew, Claude Morton, his only relative and heir, left college he took him into his business house. Claude falls in love with Hallie Tyler, whose father, George Tyler, a former friend of Morton's, had failed in business seven years before and had gone to California to recuperate his health and fortune. Morton objects to Claude's engagement to the daughter of the bankrupt. News comes from California that Tyler has made a fortune, and Morton, about to start on a business trip to that State, tells Claude that if he finds this news to be true he will withdraw his objection to his engagement. Morton finds the news true, and he and Tyler start for New York. On their route they are attacked by robbers, and Tyler is robbed and killed, but Morton escapes. When he reaches New York he is very reticent about the affair, giving but the barest facts in a letter to Hallie, whom he declines to see. He will not speak to any one about the details of the crime, except to his lawyer, Mr. Howells, who also refuses to speak about it. This excites unfavorable comment, and the relations of the lovers become strained because of the suspicion aroused by Morton's conduct. A dark-featured Frenchman named Pierre Le Clerc, from Martinique, West Indies, calls on Morton, who declines to see him, but when Le Clerc sends him a note he is at once admitted. After this Le Clerc has frequent interviews with Morton, at which the latter takes care that the lawyer shall not be present. Claude suspects that Le Clerc is in possession of the facts concerning Tyler's murder, and he has high words with his uncle about his reticence regarding it. His suspicion is confirmed when he discovers that Le Clerc had an interview with Hallie and that his rival for Hallie's hand, Ambrose Fletcher, is on terms of intimacy with Le Clerc. It is ascertained that Le Clerc had a quarrel with Morton and had stated that he would return to Martinique. Claude believes his uncle to be innocent of wrongdoing and Le Clerc to be a villain. When he goes to see his uncle at his residence he finds him murdered in his study.]

CHAPTER IV.

CLAUDE'S FRIEND.

A DOCTOR and an officer from the central office arrived about the same time. They found the house in the wildest state of confusion and excitement. The doctor began an examination of the body and found it still warm.

“How long has he been dead?” asked the officer.

“Not over fifteen minutes.”

“What do you say caused his death?”

The dead man was lying on a couch, and the doctor stripped the shirt from the body and pointed to a wound on his left breast, from which the blood was still oozing.

“It was done with a knife or dagger, was it not?”

“Certainly.”

Then the officer began a search for the weapon. He looked on the floor, under the rugs and mats, but saw nothing of it. At last he went to the casement and gazed suspiciously out upon the rear yard.

A sort of lattice-work extended from the window down to the yard below, and the officer climbed down by means of this to the ground. Something glittered brightly in the moonlight, and, stooping, he picked up a small pearl-handled two-edged dagger. The blade was long and slender and the edge keen as a razor. There was no doubt in the officer's mind that this weapon did the deed. If he had entertained any doubt whatever, the spots of blood still fresh on the blade would have convinced him.

The officer sniffed the air, much as a hound scents the trail. He looked about the great square composed of many yards for some means by which the murderer had escaped, but could see none. It seemed impossible to scale those high walls without the means of a ladder, and neither ladder nor rope was visible. Had the murderer escaped from this back yard he must have dropped into some neighboring back yard, or entered some house in the block.

The officer procured a ladder, and, aided by two policemen, all the rear yards were searched, but in vain. The servants in the other houses declared that no one had escaped that way.

Leaving others to complete the search of the back yards and walls, the officer went back to the room where the murdered man lay, awaiting the Coroner. He searched the clothing he had worn, but nothing was missing. His costly gold watch, with diamond seals, was ticking away in the fob of his trousers; his purse, comfortably filled, was in his pocket. Nothing was missing.

Claude was almost beside himself with grief. He was brought into the room where his dead uncle lay and interrogated. He told how he had come into the apartment and found it dark, and described how he had found his uncle dead in his chair.

The servants, one after another, were examined, and their statements reduced to writing. The Coroner came at last, the room was cleared and the inquest began.

Poor Claude was almost heart-broken. He could not forgive himself for that fatal quarrel.

“If he could only have spoken one word!” he groaned again and again, from a heart overflowing with grief and remorse. “If he could only have told me that he forgave me, I should not feel this loss so much!”

All that long, troubled night he sat in the parlor, filled with grief and mystery.

He could never hope now to clear up the Tyler affair, and could never hope to win Hallie, for she had declared that while his uncle was dumb about the fate of her parent she would not wed the nephew. His cup of bitterness was full and running over. He was in the parlor, his head bowed in his hands, wishing that this long, terrible night would come to an end, when he became conscious of the presence of some one in the room. It was a police sergeant.

“Are you Claude Morton?” the sergeant asked.

“Yes, sir.”

“A nephew of the deceased?”

“I am.”

“When did you last see him alive?”

“Yesterday.”

“Where?”

“At the counting-house.”

He then made him describe how his uncle looked the last time he saw him alive.

“Did you speak to him?” he asked.

“No, sir.”

“Nor he to you?”

“No, sir.”

“When did you last speak to him?” asked the interrogating officer.

Claude reflected a moment, and said:

“It has been ten days or more.”

He was even asked to describe the position in which he found the dead man, and then the officer asked:

“Have you no suspicion as to who committed the murder?”

“None.”

“Nor the motive?”

“Money, perhaps.”

“From the best observation we can make, not a cent was taken from him.”

Claude declared that he knew of no other motives. His uncle had no enemies, at least none whom he would suspect of such an awful crime. The officer was puzzled and went about interrogating the servants separately. Newspaper reporters got wind of the terrible tragedy, and before two o'clock in the morning were swarming about the house like bees about a hive. Claude was asked if he was not a nephew of the murdered man, and his only relative; and pencils were busy scratching down everything. Half a dozen swarmed about him at once, asking questions and writing down answers, sometimes correct, and sometimes not.

After the police sergeant and the reporters came the professional detective; and he had to go all over the terrible affair again. Every word he uttered was carefully written down.

Next morning, the newspapers were filled with the tragedy. Nearly every paper had some comment which traced the whole thing back to the return from Nicaragua and the robbery and the murder about which Mr. Morton had been so reticent.

> “As has been previously stated in these columns,” one paper declared editorially, “there has been entirely too much mystery about this business from the beginning. We predicted that unless the merchant was forced to make a detailed statement, some terrible sequel would follow the Nicaragua affair.”

Every idea and theory that could possibly be suggested had some champion in the press. One editor, summing up the whole matter, said:

> “Who is to profit by the death of the old merchant? How many heirs did he leave? One thing is certain, robbery was no part of the murderer's design, as no money or valuables were taken. It was not revenge that prompted the criminal to do the deed; that is quite certain. For while Robert Morton was never a favorite with any one, he had no bitter enemies. It could

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not have been the act of some escaped lunatic, or he would have been caught. Then what was the motive? everybody is asking. We answer this question by propounding the one at the head of this column—'Who is to profit by the death?' "

It was a base insinuation against poor Claude, which was wrong, as every one knows. But the suggestion found people ready to accept it. Claude was too much overcome to even glance at the papers, and was in ignorance of the great volcano about to burst at his feet.

Next morning, while at breakfast, Tom Coleman read of the murder and the foul insinuations against his friend. He started from the table with an expression more forcible than elegant, and striking it a blow with his fist that made all the dishes rattle, he cried:

"By Heaven! this is more than flesh and blood can stand!"

"Why, la sakes, Mr. Coleman, what has gone wrong?" asked his landlady.

"I'd like to choke some one's life out—"

"Why, isn't your steak cooked to suit?"

"It's a base falsehood—"

"Oh, dear, oh, dear, to accuse one of falsehood! Let me make you another cup of coffee."

"No, no, I want nothing," he answered. "It's not the breakfast."

"What is it, then?"

"It is this," and he stamped the newspaper under his foot.

"Where are you going, Mr. Coleman?" asked the landlady, when she saw him put on his hat, preparatory to leaving.

"I am going to my friend," he declared, and bolted out of the house, leaving the good woman under the impression that he had suddenly gone mad.

Tom hastened to his friend, whom he found in the same bewildered, dazed state he had been in since the murder. His account of the mysterious matter was repeated to his friend. When Tom had heard it all, he said:

"It's another unknown quantity in the problem."

"When does your vessel sail, Tom?" he asked, after a painful silence.

"To-morrow."

"I wish I could go with you."

"That will be out of the question now, Claude; you will have all this business to look after."

"And Uncle Robert's funeral."

After saying all that he could to console his friend, Tom asked him to come for a short walk down the street, as the air would do him good. Claude donned his hat, and the two went out arm in arm, Tom filled with sympathy for his bereaved friend.

"Claude, how is all this going to affect your love affair?" he inquired.

"It will ruin my prospects," he answered. "Hallie can never be my wife now. Until his lips revealed the mystery of her father's death, she vowed never to be my wife. Those lips are sealed in death, and that mystery can never be known."

"It's too bad, Claude, it's too bad," Tom declared, twirling his cane in his hand. By accident he glanced behind him and discovered two men following them. There was something suspicious in their manner, and recalling what the papers had said, Tom thought: "These two fellows are going to watch him."

Though Claude had never for a moment thought of suspicion resting on him, his friend knew from the first that it would rest on him; and when he had heard all from Claude's own lips, and recalled the recent quarrel the young man had had with the deceased, he was sure he would be arrested.

"It's an infernal outrage," he mentally declared. "Claude must keep out of their way."

He conducted his friend to a small restaurant under pretext of having him get his breakfast. They had scarcely been seated, when the two shadowers entered and sat at a table opposite them, but nearer to the door. Tom told Claude to wait a moment until he spoke a word to a friend at another table. The man he spoke to was a cab-driver, whom he engaged to have a cab in five minutes at a small, narrow back street not far from the rear door of the restaurant. When they parted, Tom slipped a gold piece in his hand, and a moment later the cabman rose and left the restaurant.

Tom's brain was in a whirl planning a desperate scheme to get his friend from under the surveillance of the detectives. What made it more difficult was that Claude was too honorable to attempt to escape, if he suspected his friend's intentions. Having made arrangements with the cabman, the next thing was to get Claude Morton from the restaurant without the detectives' seeing him. His fertile brain was not long in forming a plan. He had discovered that there was bad blood between two of the waiters, who had been using unlovable expressions toward each other ever since they had come in.

The detectives, in order to keep Claude under their eyes without exciting suspicion, called to one of the waiters and ordered a bowl of soup for each. When one of the waiters had gone for the soup, Tom called his enemy aside, and asked:

"What is the matter between you and that fellow?"

"It's enough that for a dime I would knock him head over heels," was the answer.

"Would you really?"

"Try me and see," answered the angry waiter.

"Now I have a grudge against that fellow. Once he insulted me, and while I am not able to whip him myself, I'll give you five dollars if you will step up to him as he goes to wait on the table, and knock him down."

"Give me the money and I will do it," said the waiter, eagerly.

As Tom put the money in his hand, he whispered:

"If you knock him, soup and all, across the table, you shall have another dollar."

"Just watch me, will you!" said the waiter, who was eager to begin the affray. He had already been notified that he was to be discharged on complaint made by his enemy, and longed to get even with him before he left.

Tom returned to his friend, and was sitting at his side, seriously discussing the recent terrible events, when suddenly there came a tremendous crash and a yell behind them; hot soup seemed to be raining all over the house.

"What is the matter?" cried Claude.

Both started to their feet to see two men and a table badly mixed up in a free-for-all fight. They were rolling and tumbling over the floor, while near were two customers trying to wipe the scalding soup from their eyes, and escape the kicks and blows of the combatants at the same time.

"Come, Claude," whispered Tom.

"Where?"

"This way to the rear door."

"Why should we go?"

Tom did not wait to discuss the propriety of leaving with his friend, but actually pushed him from the restaurant and closed the rear door after him before the detectives could wipe the hot soup from their eyes sufficiently to see what they were doing. Of course, every man in the restaurant was on his feet, crowding forward or running away from the combatants, and in the general confusion Tom got his friend away unseen by any one.

Claude was hurried across a narrow alley, then down a narrow, dingy street to a cab that was waiting on the corner.

"Get in," said Tom, opening the cab-door.

"Why? Where are we going?"

"Get in and ask no questions."

"Tom, I must have an explanation."

"Can't you trust me, Claude? I will explain all when I have time. Jump in and let us go, or we may both be ruined."

Filled with mystery, Claude allowed himself to be forced into the cab. Tom whispered something to the driver, leaped in with Claude, and away they flew down a narrow street toward Fulton Ferry.

CHAPTER V.

MR. FLETCHER AT THE INQUEST.

Shortly after Tom and Claude left the residence of the late Mr. Robert Morton, under surveillance, as has been stated, Mr. Ambrose Fletcher appeared at the door of the aristocratic mansion. It was well for Claude that he had gone before the arrival of Mr. Fletcher, as that individual would have ruined all chances for his escape. A policeman was on duty at the door when Mr. Fletcher presented himself. The officer chanced to be an acquaintance of Ambrose, and, approaching him, he asked:

"Is the inquest over, Mr. Connor?"

"No; the jury is still hearing testimony."

"Has Claude Morton been examined?"

"Yes."

"What did he state?"

"That he went to his uncle's room and found him sitting in his chair, dead."

"Was any one with him when he made the discovery?"

"No."

"Where is the District Attorney?"

"He is at his office. A deputy is with the jury."

"I must see him."

"Have you any evidence in this case?"

"Yes, I have."

"I will tell him."

The expression on the face of Ambrose Fletcher would have been difficult to analyze. He assumed the look of a patriotic citizen, ready to do his duty; yet, back of duty, lurked an evil desire for revenge upon one who had been a formidable rival for the hand of one he loved. The District Attorney's assistant came into the parlor where Mr. Fletcher was, and asked:

"What do you know of this case?"

"Perhaps what I know may be something, and perhaps not. I will tell you, and then you can judge for yourself."

The attorney took out his pencil and notebook and told him to proceed.

"First, let me ask if you have made any arrests?"

"No. We have several parties under surveillance, but no formal arrests have been made."

"I hope that they may not escape."

"You suspect some one?" said the attorney.

"I am very sorry to say I do. After what I have heard and seen, I think it would be criminal for me to remain mute," said the scoundrel, with a hypocritical sigh. "Bear in mind, I am not one to volunteer my services as a witness. Oh, no! I would not injure any one, especially one whom I used to respect, but murder is a serious affair."

"I appreciate your feelings in the matter," said the attorney, "but as you have just intimated, this is a serious matter, and you are justified in giving all the information you may have that will lead to justice. Nay, it is your duty to do so, and that without delay."

"Well, only a few evenings ago, while in company with Mr. Claude Morton, nephew and sole heir of Mr. Morton, I learned that the nephew and his uncle had quarreled."

The attorney, writing down what Fletcher said, at this point asked:

"Did Claude Morton tell you that he had quarreled with his uncle?"

"Yes, sir. The quarrel had been very recent; Claude was quite angry, and made some serious threats—"

"What were they?"

"He said he would have that secret about Tyler's death, or would take his uncle's life."

"You heard him say that?" asked the attorney, while his pencil flew over the smooth face of his note-book.

"I did."

"Would you swear it?"

"I would."

Putting up his pencil and note-book, the attorney said:

"I want you before the Coroner at once."

"You can get other evidence if you want it."

"Where?"

"The chief clerk in the counting-house or almost any of the deputies will tell you that he and his uncle have not spoken since their quarrel on that night."

"I will have the chief clerk brought before the Coroner at once," the attorney declared.

Ambrose Fletcher went before the Coroner and gave his testimony. It was very damaging against Claude Morton. Light was at last beginning to dawn upon the mysterious affair. Old Bob came, and was sworn to tell what he knew. The faithful old fellow, who had been for twenty-five years in the employ of Mr. Morton, was almost prostrated with grief. He supposed that his testimony would only concern a part of the business which he understood.

"Had your employer any enemies?" he was asked.

"No, sir."

"How many relatives had he?"

"Only Mr. Claude Morton and some far-off cousins in England."

"Who was heir to his estate."

"Mr. Claude Morton."

"When did the deceased return from California?"

"Six weeks ago yesterday."

"Has he been very communicative since his return?"

"He has talked very little, sir, very little."

Every juror had heard of the mysterious assassination of Mr. Tyler in Nicaragua, and of the unaccountable silence of Mr. Morton; and all knew that his silence had turned Claude's sweetheart against him. By severe examination and cross-examination, old Bob revealed the fact that Claude Morton was the affianced of Miss Tyler, whose father had been robbed and murdered in Nicaragua. This was to explain the interest the nephew had in the affair.

"Now tell the jury if you know there was a quarrel between Mr. Robert Morton and his nephew Claude," said the attorney.

"I only heard there was a quarrel."

"Who told you?"

"Claude."

"State to the jury all he said."

Then the old clerk was forced to tell the jury how Claude had told him that he and his uncle had quarreled, and he added that Claude seemed to regret it. They had never had but one quarrel that he had ever heard of, and then Claude was very penitent at what he had said.

"What had Claude said?" asked the Coroner.

"I don't really know. He told me he hardly knew what he had said—it was said in a blind passion, and he was sorry for it."

"Did he threaten his uncle?"

"I did not hear him."

"Have you not heard that he told his uncle that he would kill him or have that secret, or words to that effect?"

"Well, I don't know but that I did hear something of the sort, but then Claude never meant it, and was sorry for what he had said."

"It is not for you to decide what he meant; the jury will do that."

By this time old Bob was nearly frightened out of his wits. He saw that there was danger of making a case against Claude. He was trembling from head to foot, and determined to seek Claude as soon as he was released, and warn him to fly. The circumstances against the young man were so convincing that it seemed as if he must inevitably be convicted and hung for the murder of his uncle.

As soon as Bob was released he went to seek Claude. He met Wiggins, the butler, who, like all the others, was under surveillance, but allowed his liberty. Wiggins had not seen Claude since some time that morning. He had spent the night in the house, and had been very much overcome by the murder, and went away that morning without taking any breakfast.

"Has any one called to see him?"

"Yes, a friend—I think his name was Coleman; came some time ago."

The chief clerk said that he wanted to see Claude right away. A search was made for him, but he was nowhere to be found. Some one said he had gone out an hour or so before with his friend, Tom Coleman.

Old Bob was not the only one anxious to find Claude. Ambrose Fletcher instituted search for him on his own account. He feared that he might give them the slip. A search through the house of the deceased failed to reveal Claude's whereabouts. Fletcher went to the District Attorney as soon as the evidence was all in, and asked if the Coroner's jury had rendered a verdict.

"They have just retired to consider one," was the answer.

"Do you know that Claude Morton cannot be found?"

"He cannot escape. I have two of the best detectives in the city watching him, and there is no danger of his escaping them."

"You had better keep a close watch on that young man, or he will escape you yet. Murder is a serious charge, and he is not in love with hanging."

"I assure you, he cannot escape."

The verdict of the jury was that the deceased came to his death from a wound inflicted by a dagger or knife in the hands of Claude Morton. A warrant was at once issued for the arrest of the accused and placed in the hands of an officer. Claude had not yet returned, and the District Attorney's assistant was growing somewhat uneasy. Officers were sent out to find the accused and the men shadowing him, with orders to arrest him at once.

Fletcher, who was showing as much interest in the matter as any officer connected with the case, wanted to know of the District Attorney's deputy if they could not have prevented his leaving the house.

"We might have done so, but one does not like to proceed to such extremes until something has been done by the jury investigating the matter. There is no danger of his escaping, for two of the best men in the city are watching him. He can't make a move without their knowing it."

At this moment there was an arrival which occasioned great confusion below. A man in citizen's clothes entered the front door, with a handkerchief bound about his face, which seemed badly scalded.

"Hello, Brown, what is the matter?" asked the attorney.

"He has escaped."

"Thunder!" roared the attorney.

"I told you you were giving him too much freedom," cried Fletcher, angrily.

"How did it happen?"

"We shadowed him into a restaurant, where, in company with another, he stopped for breakfast. In order not to arouse suspicion we each ordered a bowl of soup. The waiter had just come to our table with it, when he and another got into a thundering fight, and the scalding soup fell in a shower on our faces. There was confusion and uproar until a policeman came in and arrested both of the waiters, and hustled them away to the station, but in the *mêlée* Claude Morton had disappeared."

The District Attorney roared something about stupidity, and Fletcher was so angry that he could scarcely be restrained from abusing the detective. But the detective was a large fellow, and in no very amiable mood at that moment, so Fletcher did not follow his inclination. Brown was dispatched to the central office with a note from the District Attorney's deputy, to capture Claude Morton at all cost. Two hours later Jones, the companion of Brown, and one of the sufferers in the fight between the restaurant waiters, came to the house and said he had traced the fugitive to Fulton Ferry.

"They crossed in a closed carriage."

"Then they are both in Brooklyn," put in Fletcher.

The Deputy District Attorney declared his intention of going over to that city and instituting a search for him in person.

"Yes, go," said Fletcher, anxiously. "Go, and don't let him escape. Whatever you do, don't let him escape!"

But the day passed, evening came, and Claude Morton had not been seen.

CHAPTER VI.

HALLIE AND FLETCHER—A SURPRISE.

No one was more shocked and grieved at the murder of Robert Morton than Hallie Tyler. A thousand conflicting emotions swept through her breast when she read the horrible details in the morning paper.

"The only lips that could unlock the mystery of my father's death are now forever closed," she said.

Then she had a good cry, after which she began to ask herself who could have done such a terrible thing, and what could the motive have been.

She dried her tears, and again took up the paper. The headlines told her that no money or valuables were missing, and that robbery was not the motive of the murderer. She read the paper more carefully than she had done at first. It commented on the fact that the deceased had no enemies who could have done the deed, so it was clear that the merchant was not killed out of revenge.

She read another paper and in it found some strong insinuations against Claude Morton. The blood forsook her face, and dropping the paper, she cried:

"What can they mean? Can they suspect him? No, no, no! Claude is so good, he would not harm a fly—"

But she looked once more at the paper. The writer went on to say:

> "There is, we learn, a sweetheart in the case. The uncle not only stood between his nephew and fortune, but between him and the girl he was insanely in love with. Claude had sworn to remove the barrier at all hazards. The death of the merchant not only makes Claude Morton one of the richest men in New York, but removes the barrier to his marriage with Miss Tyler."

"It is a scurrilous, shameful falsehood!" cried the unfortunate Hallie, wringing her hands in agony. "Why do they say such cruel things of Claude?"

In her grief she called for her aunt, and she came, a prim old lady, whose treatment of her niece had grown more cool since she had been left a penniless orphan. She adjusted her spectacles and read the article through, from beginning to end, and then said:

"Well, I never did think much of Claude Morton. There seems to be a great deal of sensible reasoning in this story."

Hallie knew that she could expect no sympathy from her aunt, and rising, went up to her own poor little chamber. Throwing herself on her couch, she cried:

"Oh, Heaven! I have caused all this! Claude, Claude, would to Heaven we had never met, since our meeting has brought such misery to both of us."

A tap at her door caused her to rise and open it. The servant Bridget was there, with the card of a representative of the press who desired to see her. She was too much overcome to see any one, and the reporter was sent away. He was only the first. They called by scores, but she absolutely refused to see any of them or make any statement.

She could not believe her lover guilty of the terrible crime, and yet she remembered that he had written to her only two or three days before, threatening to do something desperate if she persisted in refusing to see him. She shuddered when she thought that he might, in a fit of madness, have made a similar threat in the presence of others. Her heart went out to her lover, and she was thinking strongly of going to him. The evening papers stated that he had escaped and was at large. The Coroner's inquest was given, and the verdict against the fugitive published. The evening papers further said:

"The accused Claude Morton was placed under surveillance late last evening, though not under arrest. It was the instruction of the District Attorney to make no arrest until the result of the inquest was known, but to keep a close watch on Claude Morton and the servants. Claude, the alleged murderer, on pretext of going to a restaurant for his breakfast, wandered down the street in company with a man who was probably his confederate in the crime, followed by a pair of detectives. He entered a restaurant, and the detectives did the same. Two waiters, between whom a quarrel had been brewing, got into a fight, and in the confusion the criminal escaped, and was last seen crossing Fulton Ferry to Brooklyn. One of the belligerent waiters stated at the police station that a stranger had given him five dollars to assault the other. There is no doubt that the stranger was Claude. He is evidently very cunning and shrewd; but as we go to press information has been received at this office that the Brooklyn police have a clue to his whereabouts, and he will probably spend the night in the Tombs."

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! What shall I do? What shall I do?" sobbed the poor girl. The bitter thoughts which crowded into her mind could not find utterance in words.

She felt that she was indirectly the cause of this woe to the man she loved. She had, against her own judgment and inclination, been induced to refuse to see him. Had she not insisted on the explanation from his uncle, Claude would never have made the idle threat which was now his ruin. Throughout that terrible day she was filled with doubts and fears. At times her fancy took such wild flights that she could hardly be restrained from rushing forth and defending her lover against his accusers. Her own grief was quickly forgotten in this new trouble, and the hours were spent in weeping and praying. It was the most miserable day she had ever known. Her lot was made ten times harder for having no one to sympathize with her. Her aunt and cousin, Celia, secretly rejoiced at the downfall of Claude Morton. Claude had never been a great favorite with them, for he had chosen poor Hallie against the widow's daughter Celia, who was an heiress.

Claude Morton and Tom Coleman were not wrong when they decided that there was a mischief-maker breeding trouble between Claude and Hallie, but they little dreamed who that mischief-maker was.

When dinner time came a servant was sent for Hallie, but she excused herself on the plea that she had a headache. Her aunt sent a bit of toast and a cup of tea to her room, and said that she would be better soon.

Shortly after dark there came a ring at the door-bell, and a few moments later Hallie was astonished to learn that her rejected suitor, Ambrose Fletcher, was waiting in the parlor for her. She excused herself, but that would not suffice, for a moment later he sent her the following note:

"MISS TYLER: It is necessary that I see you in person, for I have it in my power, and it is my wish, to save you a great deal of unnecessary annoyance. AMBROSE FLETCHER."

"What can he want with me?" she thought. Her first inclination was still to refuse to see him, but, after again reading the note, she thought she discovered a covert threat in it. "I will go and see him."

She rose and, with faltering steps and beating heart, descended to the parlor. Mr. Fletcher met her with a very serious expression, and said:

"You must pardon me for this unusual call, Miss Tyler," he said, in a tone intended to be very effective. "I come on a serious matter, one which concerns both of us."

"What is it?" she asked.

"You have no doubt heard of the charges against our friend and my college mate, Claude Morton?"

His tone and manner indicated sympathy. It was the first show of sympathy she had had, and no wonder she was thrown off her guard. In a voice that was choking with suppressed grief, she answered:

"I know only what the papers say. I have all day long been besieged by reporters, but refused to see any of them."

"That was very wise—very wise. They are news-gatherers whose sole aim is to get news for their papers. Now, Miss Hallie, have you talked to any one to-day on this subject?"

"I have not."

"That is right, decidedly right. You live in a retired part of the city and need not be molested. But there are rumors afloat concerning you."

"Me?" she cried, her blue eyes opening wide with wonder.

"Pardon me, Miss Tyler, I have come for your own good, and if I bring bad news, it is because I have nothing better to bring, and—you must know the worst."

"What do you bring?" she asked. "What rumors are afloat?"

"Well," he began, leaning back in his seat as if he had an unpleasant duty to perform, "it has been current that you and Claude Morton were engaged."

"What can that have to do with his uncle's death?"

Fletcher, who was manufacturing most of his story, as he went along, did not hurry, but took his time to get things fitted together.

"Wait until you have heard all, and you will see," he answered, carefully. "But first let me ask if there was not some misunderstanding between you?"

"None whatever."

"Have you not refused to see him of late?"

After a few seconds' silence, she answered:

"Yes."

"Well, that far rumor is right. Now, Miss Tyler," he added, growing more serious, "don't think I am trying to probe your secrets. It is only with the best intentions I come to place you on your guard, but in order to do so I must be familiar with the whole ground. A certain stranger from the West Indies has been visiting you recently?"

"What has that to do with Claude or his uncle?" she cried.

"Perhaps nothing," was the cool rejoinder. "But Dame Rumor has many tongues and none are idle. Unless I am conversant with the facts in the case, I cannot intelligently advise you."

"So far as Monsieur Le Clerc is concerned, my business with him had nothing whatever to do with Claude."

"You never told Claude why he came?"

"No."

"Was Claude jealous of the stranger from Martinique?"

"Why should he be?"

"A lover is jealous of mysterious callers on his betrothed," answered Fletcher, with a smile.

"I intended to tell Claude all in due time, but just then could not."

"Could you now?"

"No."

"So this dark stranger, it is said, put a restriction on you? It is also said that he was a frequent caller on Robert Morton."

She turned a little pale, and said:

"I did not know that."

"Rumor has it that Claude's uncle opposed your marriage. Is it so?"

"I believe he did."

"That while he lived you could not wed. That this dark stranger, who left New York a week or so ago, was acting in some way to estrange you from your lover."

Hallie started, pierced by a new and terrible thought, and clasping her hand upon her heart, she mentally asked herself:

"Can it be that I have been basely deceived all along? No, no," she added aloud. "It is false."

"Well, rumor has it that way, and the report is current that, driven to desperation by the acts of his uncle, Claude Morton made some terrible threats against him."

She knew this to be true, for on one or two occasions she had checked his wrath herself.

"Now, Hallie, out of respect for Claude, though he never seemed to appreciate my friendship, and from the great respect I have for you, I want as little of this to get to the public as possible. These strange interrogatories are to head off the army of detectives who will follow close on the heels of the reporters. They are more insidious than reporters, for they demand and even enforce interviews. All these questions will be asked you, and more, too. You will be asked if Claude ever threatened in your presence to take his uncle's life."

"He never did."

"Perhaps not directly, but he may have uttered some vague threat about the secret."

She remembered that he had, but was silent. The unscrupulous wretch who, while pretending to befriend Claude, was all the while gathering testimony against him, now came to the real object of all this circumlocution.

"It is even said, Miss Tyler, that he wrote a letter to you, when you refused him admittance, in which he threatened his uncle."

The very start and sudden pallor on her cheek convinced him he was on the right track. She was overwhelmed with confusion, for only three days before she had received such a letter from her lover.

"If you have such a letter, and have confidence enough in me to let me see it, I will advise you what to do in the premises. The destruction of it might be more fatal to Claude than to have it where you could lay your hand on it when you needed it. However, I cannot advise you until I see it."

Hallie Tyler was only a girl, and knew little of the deceitful wiles of a jealous and unscrupulous man. She could not believe that all his pretentions were false, and that he was a sly enemy, seeking the ruin of the man she loved. If he knew the contents of the letter, or a part of it, he might as well know all, and perhaps he would advise her what to do. It never occurred to her that he only suspected that Claude had written such a letter, and really knew nothing about it. His shrewd guessing had been to some purpose, and he smiled triumphantly when she went up to her room to get the fatal letter. With trembling hand, hesitating, doubting and fearing, she brought it to the room, where he had risen to his feet to receive it.

"Let me see it, Hallie," he said, and almost snatched it from her hand. Then he read it aloud:

"MY DEAR HALLIE: Being denied admittance again and again to your presence, I take this means to inform you that I can no longer endure this. I have resolved to do something desperate—something I may repent all my life unless you permit me to come, and assure me that my uncle's silence will no longer be a barrier to our marriage. Unless you give me such assurance at once, you may be prepared to learn of something desperate before three days. "CLAUDE MORTON."

It was while contemplating going to California that Claude wrote the letter, and it was that journey which he called "something desperate." Unfortunately, his meaning was couched in language which, owing to the recent terrible events, could be made to mean murder.

A smile of triumph lighted the face of Ambrose as he read the missive.

"Why, this will hang him," he declared, his whole manner undergoing a complete change.

"Give it back to me!" she cried, quickly, for something in his look seemed to strike terror to her heart.

"Oh, no, my dear. Let me have the letter."

"Please give it to me, Mr. Fletcher."

"Not yet, my dear. Let me have it for a few days, for it will be safer in my hands, you know."

Skillful as he was in concealing his designs and emotions, the exultation of Fletcher was beyond his control. For the first time Hallie read his real motive, and realizing that she had been deceived, she frantically seized him and cried:

"Give me back my letter! You shall not rob me. I will ring for help."

"Not yet, my dear; I will see that you don't." And he caught her hand as she reached for the bell-cord.

"Help, help, help!" she shrieked.

At this moment a closed carriage, driven at a rapid rate, dashed up to the house, and two men, heavily bearded, sprang from it, ran up the steps and rang the bell. The door opened and they entered the hall, just as the cry came from the parlor on the left.

"Help, help, help!"

Without announcing themselves, or uttering a word, both flew to the parlor. The taller man was in front, and he entered while Hallie was struggling to tear herself from the grasp of Fletcher. One swift, sure blow, and Fletcher went sprawling to the floor, while the heavily-bearded man who had knocked him down asked:

"Hallie, Hallie, what does this mean?"

She knew him despite his disguise, and with heart wild with joy and dread, cried:

"Claude, Claude!" and fell fainting in his arms.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT—NO. 5.]

◆

THE PRESENT

That there is something unusual in the mental atmosphere is self-evident. Unquestionably we are approaching something in the line of an intellectual upheaval. Whether that which is coming will be gradual or cataclysmal, we do not know. We believe, however, that whatever the change may be, it will be a step higher. Notwithstanding all the crazy emanations of crazy authors, read by crazy readers, and unbalanced actors that are applauded by hair-brained listeners—and though there are fads and fads—yet there is undeniable evidence that the star of human progress is in the ascendant, and that humanity is unerringly steering for a higher plane—to a broader conception of human possibilities.

The worst that may be said of the modern man is that he does not appreciate the very lavishness of his blessings. They have been too sudden and too numerous. The transitions have been too great to be fully realized. The real movers of the world are not necessarily the literary class—that is, they do not seek literature as a substance, but more as a condiment. Still the names of Morse, Field, Brush, Gray, Bell and Edison suggest but little of intellectual degeneration.

Why, the present century has done more in the great work of human progress, it might almost be safe to say, than ten, if not any twenty centuries of its predecessors. We grant, too, that much, too much, of the undesirable has kept pace. Still it is a fact that never before in the world's history did humanity, as a whole, command the advantages that it now has. Never in all the bygone ages was there such a dissemination of intelligence. Never before was all useful information brought within the grasp of every man, woman and child. And it is not difficult to prove that never before was the sum total of human goodness so large and the sum total of human depravity so small.

The world is not necessarily more wicked because we know more of its normal dereliction. The agents and the emissaries of the press now penetrate into every nook and cranny of both the world's civilization and its mental darkness, bringing everything to the light of day, and there are tens of thousands of general readers where in former centuries there was not one. Our moral standards are also much higher. We do not now, so much as formerly, pounce on and persecute those who differ from us in opinion. This spirit of toleration is burning away the barriers of old-time clannish separation. But whatever the coming centuries have in store, it is difficult to see how the twentieth century can so much excel the nineteenth as this has excelled its predecessors.

We know, however, that as the present century casts its lengthened shadows, its intellectual activities portend wonderful revelations in the not distant future. Hitherto unknown forces are being discovered and applied to the well-being of mankind, and its waning decade is illuminated with an unwonted brilliancy of the torch of progress. The achievements wrought within its closing quarter have among them some of the proudest triumphs of intellectual conquest, so varied and so manifold that the general mind really fails to grasp them.

◆

MY OWN.

BY REV. ALEXANDER B. JACK.

A little girl, a limber elf,
Singing, dancing to herself.
A handsome, blithe and playful child,
With laughter loud as clarion wild.
Her hazel eyes as full of fire
As lights that flash and then expire.
A face enshrined in many a tress,
And rich in Nature's loveliness.
A brow that marks a mind acute;
A voice like some magician's lute;
And rosy lips that oft disclose
The pearls that rival Alpine snows;
While o'er the face there gently steals
The sunshine of the heart that feels.
Who, nymph-like, too, will deign to tell
The burning thoughts which often swell
Within the young, impassioned breast,
As boist'rous as the feathered crest
Of some sweet wave that lifts its head,
Then sinks into its azure bed.

◆

ASTHMATIC ATTACKS.

The immediate cause of the distress of an asthmatic patient struggling for breath is the contraction of the bronchioles, which prevents the exhalation of the air from the lungs without the greatest effort. Temporary relief from an asthmatic attack may nearly always be obtained by causing the patient to inhale some narcotic vapor, by means of which the pneumogastric nerve is obtunded, and thus the spasms are made to cease. This, however, is objectionable, as it not infrequently gives rise to a drug habit. Before trying the narcotic, it is best to obtain relief, if possible, by attacking the cause of the trouble. For instance, if it be accompanied by a fit of indigestion, washing out the stomach by means of a stomach tube will often relieve the most distressing paroxysm. If caused by a prolapsed stomach or a free kidney, permanent relief may be obtained by restoring these organs to proper position. Hot and cold sponging of the spine and the application of an ice compress, or a rubber bag filled with broken ice, on the front part of the neck, are also means which have been found of great service in this trouble.

◆

SITTING ERECT.

Very many persons, in taking a seat, use the edge of it only, with the result that in a very short time they seem to be doubling up, the head bending forward over the chest. The easiest method of sitting erect, and in a graceful position, is to occupy the chair in such a way that the lowest part of the spine or backbone touches the back of the seat; then, by causing the shoulders also to touch the back, the whole body is erect and maintains itself, not only without an effort, but with a feeling of support, relief and rest, and that, too, without any appreciable effort. Any position maintained by the aid of a brace is forced, and is secured by an injury done to some other part, which not only has to support itself, but aid in supporting parts not intended, hence must in time itself need aid from other sources, and thus the mischief goes on.

Get
Ayer's Cherry
Pectoral.

"Get it honest if you can, but—get it."

It cures all coughs and colds.

CHILDREN ALL OVER THE WORLD.

Patty.

Once upon a time there was a little girl named Patty, who lived in a village in Connecticut. She lived with her grandmother, old Mrs. Mill, who earned her living by weaving. In the garret of her funny little brown house, the roof of which ran up to such a high peak that one might have thought it was a steeple, she had a loom of that sort on which bed-quilts are woven. She could weave them in stripes and checks and plaids, red, white or blue; and she also wove stuff of which people made cloaks and petticoats. Old-fashioned neighbors bought of her, and Mr. Stellwagon, at the store, took a number every fall. But fashions change, and it became easy to get to the city, and young housekeepers bought pretty quilts there; and as for the cloaks and petticoats of old Mrs. Mill's homespun, no one wanted any. So the good old lady made much less money, and was very sorry that this was so, for she wanted to give Patty many nice and comfortable things, and to have something left, if she should live to be too old to work any longer.

Having no grown person in the house, Mrs. Mill naturally talked of her trouble to Patty, and Patty, having a wise little head of her own, set herself to thinking what might be done.

"There are other things, grandma," she said.

"Yes, for other folks, but I've been a weaver all my life, and I'm too old to change my trade."

"I'm not old enough to learn one, am I, grandma?" asked Patty.

"Bless me! Child," said grandma, "you must get an education, and not talk of *trades* yet."

So Patty did not talk. But she thought all the more, and one day she thought out something that she put in practice on Saturday.

Patty could knit very nicely, and there was always a pile of odds and ends or worsted in the attic, and early in the morning she went upstairs with her crochet-needle and sat down on her little stool beside the pile of scraps.

At dinner-time she came downstairs, carrying in her hands two knitted dolls. They were knitted so that they had flesh-colored faces, little bodies like meal-bags, one red and one blue, round, sausage-like arms, cream-colored hands, and black feet. Eyes, nose and mouth were marked in worsted, and they looked very funny.

"Are they pretty, grandma?" asked Patty.

"Well," said the old lady, "I cannot say. They have many claims to beauty. But I think they would be nice for babies, who break everything."

"Just what I mean them for," said Patty.

"We haven't any such," said grandma.

"But other folks have," said Patty. "They are all stuffed with bits of wool, and a baby could not hurt herself, whatever she did. This afternoon I shall knit a pair of boy-dolls."

At tea-time two little fellows in yellow and green jackets, with fat legs and black boots, and the same sort of faces and hands the girl-dolls had, were finished.

They were something like Brownies in their figures, and their eyes were quite as round, and their mouths as much curled up at the corners.

Grandma Mill had a good laugh at them, but she had no idea what reason she had to laugh. It was only an amusing idea of Patty's to her.

On Sunday Mrs. Mill and Patty went to church and heard the Lord's Word. It was a very pleasant day, and they met old friends, and had nice little chats on the road home. But while she was in church Patty prayed a little prayer that she made herself. She prayed: "May the angels help me in what I mean to do." She put it in just her own, plain, simple words, and added: "Because it is for grandma." And whatever effort a person is about to make, if it is with a good motive, it is right to ask a blessing upon it—to do it just as Patty did, quietly and without making a noise and show about it; for the Lord hears a whispered prayer that is from the heart.

On Monday morning, when she started for school, Patty took the four knitted dolls with her and stopped at the store. Mr. Stellwagon was a very good-natured man. When Patty asked him if he would try to sell them for her, he answered:

"I'll try, Patty Mill; I'll try. I don't know whether any one will buy them, but I'll fix them so they'll be seen. I think they are cute myself,"

"They'll like them," said Patty, and thanked him and went to school. On her way home, Mr. Stellwagon called her.

"Patty Mill," he said, "your dolls are all sold. Squire Creamer's lady bought one for her baby, and the minister's wife bought one for hers; and the doctor took one home in his gig for his granddaughter, and Mrs. Parsons has the fourth. I set a quarter for the price, and it took. I think you've started a new business, and I'm coming up to-night to talk to you and your grandma about it. Here is the dollar. After this I'll charge a commission—so much on each doll I sell. But this first dollar you must have for luck."

How grandma stared when Mr. Stellwagon came that evening and ordered a hundred dolls.

I am not sure that these were the first worsted dolls that were sold in shops, but they were the first ever sold in that town. They took the mothers' fancies, and were sold very rapidly. Patty and grandma sat upstairs and worked together, and the dolls lay in piles in big clothes baskets. Shopkeepers in other towns ordered them, and peddlers who drove their wagons about the country. But knitting is slow work, and finally Grandma Mill bought a little weaving-frame on which she could make dolls' bodies and limbs, while patty knit the faces. In time they needed two or three girls to sew, and after some years a small factory arose just outside of the village, where all sorts of worsted things were made, not forgetting plenty of dolls.

Time flies fast. Patty is now a full-grown woman, and her husband manages the factory. Most such places have names. This is called "The Patty." But very few people know why, or what a little girl's efforts, with the blessing of Heaven, accomplished.

Correspondence

Receiving Attentions.—Mercedes is a young woman of twenty. For the past two years a young man has been in the habit of dropping in at her house, and has on several occasions shown her very marked attentions. He has never told her in earnest that he was specially interested in her, but he has a habit of looking at her in a way that leads others to say that "he is very fond of her and cannot help showing it." But she knows that he gives other girls the same looks and does not allow herself to dwell on such indications. She wants to know if it is right for him to give her every reason to think he cares for her while she knows he is devoting the greater part of his time to another girl, and, as she has some reason to think, comes to see her only when the other girl is away or occupied. *Answer:* No man who has the spirit of a gentleman will pretend that he cares for one woman while he is making love to another. If this young man is doing this he is not a very safe or profitable associate. You would do well to let him know that you are aware of his insincerity, and if he continues, you had better drop the acquaintance altogether.

Crimped Paper.—Addie M. wants to know what are some of the uses to which crimped or crape-paper is put aside from making lamp-shades. *Answer:* There are hundreds of articles that are made from this paper. Fancy boxes are covered with it. Photograph frames and fancy cards are made of it; also flowers, leaves, wreaths and ropes to hold them by. A lambrequin is made of olive and gold paper, and is beautiful. Dolls are dressed in paper. Window curtains are made of it, and also table-covers and draperies. A special use for the finest quality of white paper is the making of Easter lilies. One of the prettiest of lamp shades is made double; the outside is of pink or yellow, the inside of white. The inside is gathered to a circle or sort of yoke, and falls in a full ruffle. The color is put over this and drawn into a loose frill around the collar of the frame. A ribbon is passed around the narrow part and tied in a knot at one side. A lady recently wore a dress of white crape-paper to an evening entertainment, and it was exceedingly effective.

Heating the House.—A. D. L. has heard of twin furnaces for heating purposes, but does not understand what is meant, and would like to be told. *Answer:* A number of furnaces have been built with two fire-pots to one hot-air chamber. In moderate weather, when only a litte heat is needed, one fire-pot is used. In severe weather, or when an unusual degree of heat is required, both are fired up. Those who have adopted this plan express themselves as greatly pleased with it. Experts are well aware that furnaces burn out very soon if they are crowded to their utmost capacity, whereas when only a moderate heat is maintained there is proportionally far less injury to the metal. This is, therefore, one of the wisest of plans, and it is suggested that three or more firepots may be used with a greater volume of heat, and a capacity for regulating to which the ordinary furnace is a stranger.

Japanese Bicycles.—E. A. S. inquires about Japanese bicycles and where they may be purchased? *Answer:* The *Ledger* is not aware that any Japanese bicycles are as yet offered for sale in New York or, indeed, anywhere else in this country. There has been a good deal of talk about Japanese agents placing orders for goods, but whether they are yet on hand it is impossible to say. There is good reason to suppose that Congress will place some restrictions on goods that can be sold here for half the cost of American production. Uncle Sam will not let our industrious workingmen be done out of their living by any such means. To permit such goods to come in at such prices would mean the closing of half the factories in the land, and hundreds of thousands of idle workmen.

Studying Law at Home.—Ambitious is a young man who has been in this country but five years, and wants to study for some profession, but does not know how best to go about it, and writes to the *Ledger* for advice. *Answer:* While one might make some sort of half-way progress reading law at home, time is altogether too valuable to waste in that way. The best course is to get some good lawyer to take you in his office and give you a chance to see and know how legal business is transacted. Then study regularly and systematically. Be thorough, painstaking and positively certain that you understand everything as you go along. You will save time and money by beginning right.

Popular Dances.—J. J. wants the names and composers of pretty and pleasing pieces of dance music. *Answer:* There are hundreds of charming dances by eminent composers, but it is impossible for one person to select for another. What would please one might be wholly unsatisfactory to others. Why not arrange to go to some dealer and have some one play a number of pieces for you, or play them yourself if you are a musician? This is one of the ways in which teachers and orchestras make their selections, and is the only way in which you can be certain of getting just what you want.

A Parliamentary Question.—A Reader inquires: "When an organized society adjourns to meet at a specified hour on a certain day, but is prevented by unforeseen circumstances from meeting at that hour, when it does meet, can it be said to have met 'pursuant to adjournment?'" *Answer:* Not strictly. To meet "pursuant to adjournment," means to meet agreeably or conformably to the time settled when adjourning. When this is not done, the phrase—which is not very elegant at the best—should be modified.

Name of Chemical Compound.—L. S. wants to know if peroxide of hydrogen and dioxide of hydrogen are the same. *Answer:* Yes; manufacturers tell us that they are the same compound.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*

Science

Preparing Animal Skins for Use. It is often desirable to use the skins of various animals, but few unprofessional people know how to taw them and yet keep the fur on and have it soft and firm. The process is not at all difficult, and may be successfully handled by any person of ordinary intelligence. By carefully heeding the following directions one may have furs as soft and pliable as those that come from the furriers. "Supposing the skins are dry, they should be softened throughout by soaking in pure water; soft water is best, but any ordinarily pure water may be used, and care must be taken that the skins are thus soaked only a sufficient time to soften them. Then clean off any bits of flesh that may remain on the flesh side, rinse all well, shake off the loose water, and gently stretch out and tack on a board, flesh side up. Then sprinkle with a mixture of powdered alum and salt—about two-thirds alum and one-third salt—enough to just cover every part. As the skin dries, it takes up the mixture, but if any be left on the surface the second day, sprinkle on a little more water, otherwise put on more alum and salt, and sprinkle. Two to three days should be sufficient for small skins, the idea being to give the skin all the alum and salt it will take up while in a moist condition. This tawing process makes the hair firm, a gentle rubbing and beating softens the flesh side, and it is preserved from decay, although tawed skins are never calculated to stand much wetting. This process is well adapted for all small skins. although those which are heavier require more time, and the flesh sides are sometimes folded together, and the skins rolled up. When the skins are freshly taken off, no soaking is needed, but more care is called for in thoroughly washing off and cleaning them, and the first application of salt and alum should be in the proportions of one-half each. It requires the judgment of a tanner to deal with skins in a dry state, which may have become partly damaged before drying, and it requires special knowledge also to tell whether a dry skin is so damaged." There are many animals that might be raised for their skins.

High-Pressure Diseases. At a recent meeting of electrical engineers in London it was stated that this profession is responsible for a number of new diseases and the greatly aggravated conditions of those already existing. There are wear and tear diseases that are the most difficult of all maladies to contend with. The question naturally arises whether it is worth while for electrical students to fling themselves so unreservedly into this line of investigation. It is killing, and is sacrificing some of the brightest minds. This tremendous concentration not only burns the candle at both ends, but taps the wick and burns it in the middle. It is an eating, undying, consuming fire. Every electrical student should be under contract to spend a few hours of every day out of doors and entirely removed from his business. He should ride or indulge in some simple athletic amusement, something that does not overstrain the physical powers. Horseback riding, driving or bicycling in a moderate way would unquestionably be the best remedies for the ills that follow this absorption in one direction. Some of the best and brightest minds in the country have been kept in fine running order to old age by means of out-of-door amusements. In the past the horse has been the means of grace; in the present and future, the wheel, carefully handled, may be just what is required. A physician who has made a study of these conditions declares that every electrician ought to be a farmer and alternate his nerve-destroying occupation with planting vineyards, pruning trees and gathering in harvests Whoever turns his entire attention to one thing, takes up a pursuit that will in a short time undermine his health and eat out his existence.

The Cultivation of Oysters. There are several points in the French system of cultivating oysters that are worthy of note, one of which is that certain places are devoted to one stage of their growth. After a given age, they are transferred to new fields, and seem to gain by the transplanting. An oyster is said to live twenty years, but the best marketable age is five years. By the Italian method, the oysters are suspended in the water upon ropes or twigs. The French beds are flat, and vary in depth of water from several inches to two or three feet. The question of typhoid germs in oysters is as yet an unsettled one, but scientists affirm that the typhoid germ does not flourish in sea-water of the usual temperature. It seems that surface drainage and small streams are the prolific sources of this disease, and when infected water trickles down into the oyster beds, it is usually much warmer than that in which the oyster thrives best.

Line Drawings by a New Process. The difficulty of getting satisfactory cuts is a recognized fact in all illustrated work. The following directions will be found of the greatest value to people who are unable, either from lack of means or convenience, to get good work done: "Photograph the object; take from the negative a pale blueprint; on the blueprint trace the outlines with as much detail as desired, using a crow-quill pen and waterproof ink; put the print in water containing a few drops of ammonia, when the blueprint will fade away, leaving the black lines on white ground; wash and dry; make such alteration or additions as are required, and the drawing is ready for reproduction by the zinc etching or other process. Of course, if the photograph is several times larger than the cut is to be, the reproduction will be neater.

Motormen on the electric street cars in Danbury have been supplied with veils to protect their faces from cold and driving snow.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

All questions which may be asked on the subjects treated in this Department will be answered in the Correspondence column.

Fashion and Fancy. There are fashions in furnishings which are quite as carefully observed as those in dress, although there is a very limited class who adhere strictly to the idea of changing furniture with every passing caprice. It is well, perhaps, that there are those who iike these changes, else the manufacturer of novelties might fare badly.

There is great diversity of taste in furnishing and an endless variety of styles to choose from. The best judgment approves of elegance without ostentation, of apartments handsomely appointed, and yet not resembling the storehouse of an art-collector. It is the most difficult thing in the world to carry out a fancy without giving it the rein and letting it assume entire control. Those who ride a hobby are in danger of letting it prance over every part of the dwelling, and take up its quarters wherever the fancy of the moment may dictate. Fine furniture and bric-a-brac are excellent things in their way, but they need to be gathered up with great discretion and managed with the utmost care afterward. It is a question of whether one should turn the parlor and drawing-room into a museum, with cabinets, cases and trinket-holders everywhere. One ideal drawing-room has one single cabinet very small and very handsome. It holds not over half a dozen pieces of bric-a-brac, but these are worth almost the traditional king's ransom. The house is stored with elegant art treasures from all over the world, but there are rooms fitted up to receive them, and cases and cabinets appropriate for their holding.

It is a very hard matter for many persons to choose just the things that are most pleasing to them for parlor decoration. The ordinary art enthusiast, the fadist and the amateur collector often buy things to be seen of men, and like to keep them around for the same purpose. They miss the keenest pleasure of the true artist in that they rarely have system or reason for what they do. They see a thing; it strikes their fancy or some one for whose opinion they have great respect has admired it; straightway they must possess it.

There is a good deal to be said in favor of the Japanese fashion of furnishing. The houses are never cumbered with enormous quantities of beautiful things, but in a place built for it stands a little table or cabinet containing some rare object. After a time this is put away, and another beautiful thing is brought out. These people say that no matter how choice an article is, or how much they prize it, to have it about all the time becomes monotonous. Therefore they bring out new things, and these are ever fresh and pleasing not only to their visitors but to themselves. Many Americans adorn their houses for their guests, paying no heed to the fact that they themselves may weary of them. Too much furniture and too many ornaments are unartistic, inconvenient, and give an air of stuffiness and overcrowding to the handsomest apartment.

Sanitarians of all classes are waging war on the carpet. They claim it is unwholesome, inconvenient and unartistic in every way. How soon these reformers will succeed in driving the carpet from the ordinary dwelling remains to be seen, but there are many people who think that that day will not come for many a long year.

Carpets are specially adapted to houses of refinement and elegance, where quiet and luxury are supposed to find their most congenial surroundings. Rugs are favored by hygienists because they may be taken out of rooms and thoroughly cleaned. They certainly have an advantage over carpets in this respect. There are a few fine houses where such a thing as a carpet nailed to the floor does not exist. The floors are polished or done in mosaics of fancy woods. Heavy rugs cover the middle of the floor and sometimes smaller ones are placed at the margins. There are few things more exasperating and inconvenient than a quantity of small light rugs scattered about. They are ever ready to trip unwary feet, and unless one has the stride of a grenadier and lifts the feet high at each step, there is no certainty as to where the individual will next find himself.

In one of the dwellings referred to the furniture is covered with gold and white tapestry; the walls and ceilings are finished in the same colors; the floors are inlaid mahogany; and the ornaments—two or three of them—are in a mahogany and gold cabinet. The room is not overcrowded, and has an air of breadth and richness impossible to obtain where miscellaneous collections of elegant furnishings are jumbled together.

Notes. Color on the table is principally confined to what are known as colored teas. Pink, yellow, white and scarlet teas are in favor, and a heliotrope tea was a special achievement of a young matron who has unlimited means at her command. Heliotrope, however, does not work out with such fine detail as yellow, pink or scarlet. Perhaps one of the most charming entertainments of this sort was a snowdrop tea given to a *débutante*. Everything was white except the little foliage necessary to keep the flowers from looking bare and cropped.

Cottage curtains are quite as well liked when made in perfectly plain muslin, the spotted, dotted and sprigged goods having been to some extent set aside. These curtains are trimmed with a ruffle of the goods about four inches wide. The ruffles are sometimes fluted, or they may be pinched in little plaits over the finger, or crimped with a knife, as were ruffles in cap-borders in olden times.

Brussels net curtains, with fine embroidery, are very much admired. Some of the better ones are exceedingly handsome, and sell for thirty to fifty dollars a pair.

A set of window draperies made of satin with Renaissance edgings and trimmings was sold the other day for two hundred and fifty dollars per window.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

(Continued.)

Too much cannot be said against the fashion of covering walls of rooms with a fabric. It is almost impossible to avoid making these textiles the harbor and propagating ground of disease germs innumerable. Wall-paper is bad enough, but cloth is a thousand times worse.

While it can scarcely be said that cut-glass is going out of fashion, it certainly is much less the rage than it has been, fancy glass superseding it for many purposes, and those who make a study of fine table furnishings are searching for novelties in decorated glass.

Window draperies are made of grenadine, with Renaissance decorations. These are for the most part made with braids and cords in appliqué effect. Some of these draperies are exquisite in design, and the more elaborate ones extremely expensive.

Black walnut furniture has become extremely fashionable. Walnut is almost impossible to find, and its scarcity has brought it into prominence and made it the fashion, with correspondingly high prices.

A complete table service to match is not considered necessary; indeed, each course may be complete in itself, and the more striking the contrast the better many hostesses are pleased.

Table linen is preferably all in white. There are center pieces and doilies, in color to be sure, but many ladies have these, as well as every accessory in linen, of the most spotless white.

The Family Bath-Room. It is one of the most surprising things in the world why people who have the ordinary comforts of life should build houses without bath-rooms.

The farmer needs the bath much more than his city neighbor, and could have it at a small cost. A bathtub is not expensive, and with a good force-pump and a barrel or two as head water, can be arranged without the aid of skilled labor. If the house is already built and there is no room for the bathtub, it might be put into the kitchen, or even into the family living room. A heavy curtain or a strong screen could conceal it, and, when not in use, a cover could be closed down over it, and it would be quite out of the way. But a little ingenuity and work will fix it in fine running order in any ordinary dwelling.

There are many houses where there is a range, with hot and cold water, but no bathtub. This is an omission that should not be tolerated. A small tank, with force-pump and drainage, can be supplied for a very little money, and if the house is not warm enough to keep this without freezing, it is time some measures were taken to insure anti-freezing conditions.

A well-equipped bath-room, with closet, can be arranged in any dwelling where there is even a tolerable supply of water. The kitchen sink can drain through the pipes, the water from the weekly wash will clear them out, and if there is proper ventilation and a suitable outlet there will be nothing unsanitary in the outfit.

Of course, the more water the better, but as every house is, or should be, supplied with a never-failing well, the muscle expended in pumping is very well used in this direction. By all means have the health, comfort and safety of the family provided for by proper and sanitary bath-room and closet arrangements.

American Lace Schools. A lady who has had a great deal of experience in teaching Indians, has started a lace school at one of the Government Reservations. This industry gives great promise of success, the patient tenacity of Indian nature being its surest guarantee.

Many of the women have already learned to make lace of exquisite quality, some extremely handsome specimens of needle-point having been finished in some of the schools.

It is an understood fact that Mexican women have for years excelled in fine drawn work. Their greatest difficulty has been in getting proper linen to work on, but, of late, arrangements have been made to supply this, and the output is greatly improved in quality. The finest of threads, the most careful teaching and the utmost accuracy are characteristics of the new work. There is always a demand, limited it is true, but nevertheless a steady call for fine lace.

Women who take pride in assisting in the development of new fields of labor for women will, unquestionably, help on this movement by purchasing this lace, and several ladies have expressed their intention to give orders for special pieces. Home-made point-lace, the work of Indian women, will have an added interest over that which is merely purchased in the markets of the world. There is no reason why all Indian women should not make better use of their time than in doing the coarse and unattractive bead-work which has been one of their principal productions. They have all the characteristics of successful lace-makers, and there is nothing in the way of building up an exceedingly profitable, interesting and valuable trade, especially as the highest prices are paid to the workers as an additional incentive.

Orange Chips. Remove the peel in thin chips, and for every pound of the peel weigh out a pound of sugar. Squeeze all through a fine sieve; put the sugar with the juice and let it stand over night, soaking the peel in water for the same length of time. The next day boil the peel in the same water until very tender, drain and put it with the sugar and juice, and boil until the sugar candies. Lift the chips from the sirup one by one, and lay on greased papers to dry, which process sometimes takes several weeks.

A Delicious Pudding. One half pint of claret, half a pint of raspberry sirup, three quarters of a pint of sherry, half a pound of white sugar, one ounce of isinglass soaked in the sherry, one lemon, juice and rind. Put on the fire and allow to come to a boil; strain into a mold. Serve with a rich custard, flavored with vanilla.

Patterns.

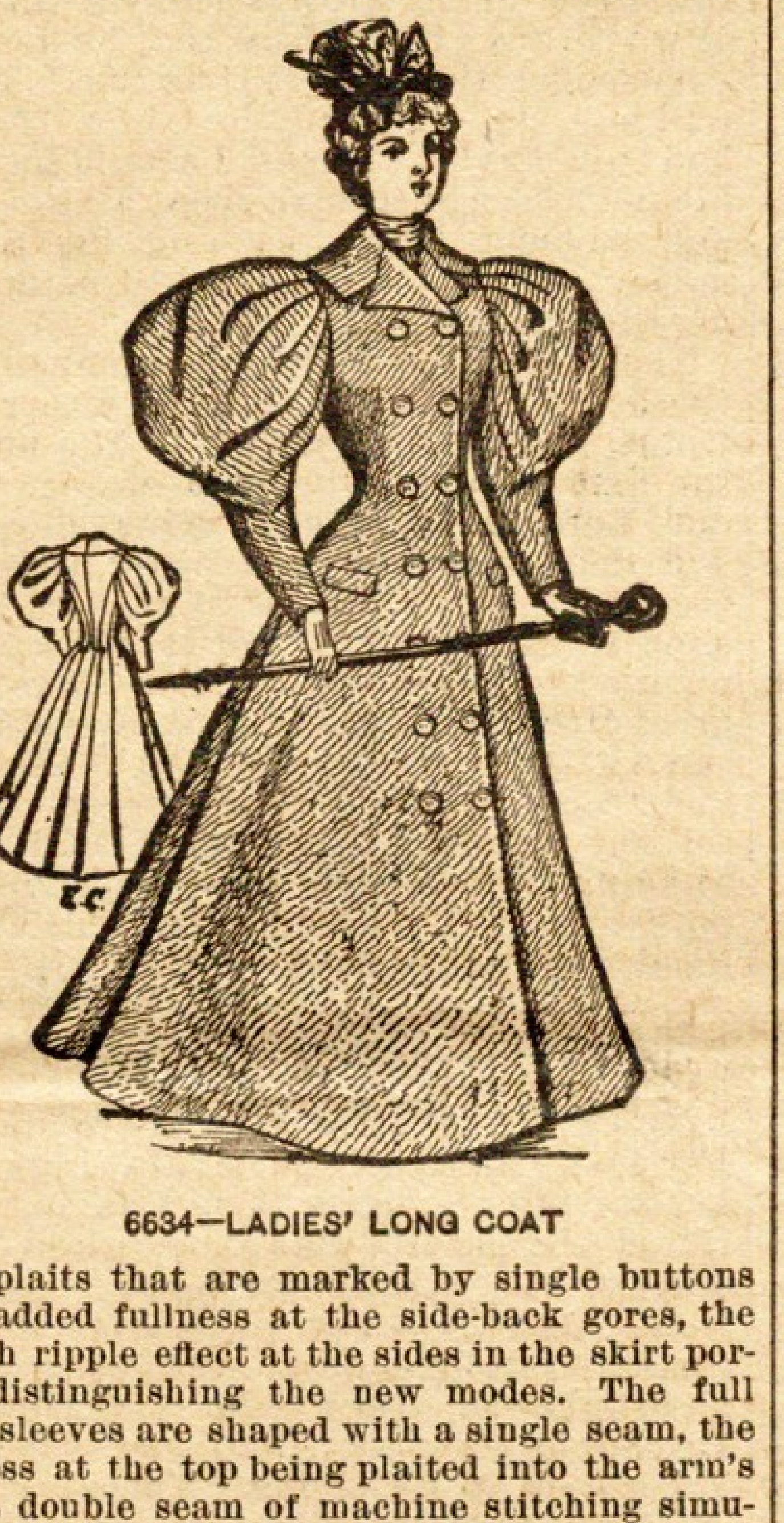
We have made special arrangements by which we can supply our readers with dress-patterns by mail, prepaid, at the nominal price of ten cents per pattern.

Each issue of the *Ledger*, hereafter, will contain illustrations of two or more new styles, for which patterns will be supplied to order. Parties ordering will please use a small sheet of plain writing-paper, small enough to go into an ordinary envelope, write name very plainly and give post-office and State, together with street and number, wherever necessary. Be careful to give correct bust-measure and the number of the pattern desired, using the number under the illustration. Inclose ten cents in stamps for each pattern ordered. State that you are a reader of the *Ledger*, otherwise these patterns will cost you 25, 30 or 35 cents each, as the case may be, these being the regular prices for which the patterns are sold.

The patterns selected for illustration in this issue are numbered 6634 and 6658.

Ladies' Long Coat.

This stylish top garment, commonly known as the "Newmarket," is made of dark, rough-faced cheviot, and closed with large pearl or bone buttons. It is shaped according to the latest tailor mode, the fronts being widened to fall loosely below the hips, conforming in shape to the fashionable skirts. The loose, double-breasted fronts are deeply faced, and reversed at the top in coat lapels that meet the ends of the deep, rolling storm collar in notches. The lapels and collar can be raised and closed to the throat for better protection in inclement weather. The back and sides fit closely, with under-arm and side-back gores and a well-curved center seam that ends in deep coat laps below the waist-line. Rounded coat plaits that are marked by single buttons give added fullness at the side-back gores, the stylish ripple effect at the sides in the skirt portion distinguishing the new modes. The full gigot sleeves are shaped with a single seam, the fullness at the top being plaited into the arm's eye, a double seam of machine stitching simulating cuffs. Pockets are inserted on each front and concealed by laps that are neatly lined and stitched in tailor style. The edges can be plainly finished or machine stitched, as preferred. All kinds of rough or smooth-faced cloth, tweed, cheviot, serge or diagonal in checks, stripes, mixed, plain or fancy weave will make stylish, comfortable and protective coats for storm or ordinary everyday wear.



6634—LADIES' LONG COAT

Pattern **6634** is cut in six sizes, viz.: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure.

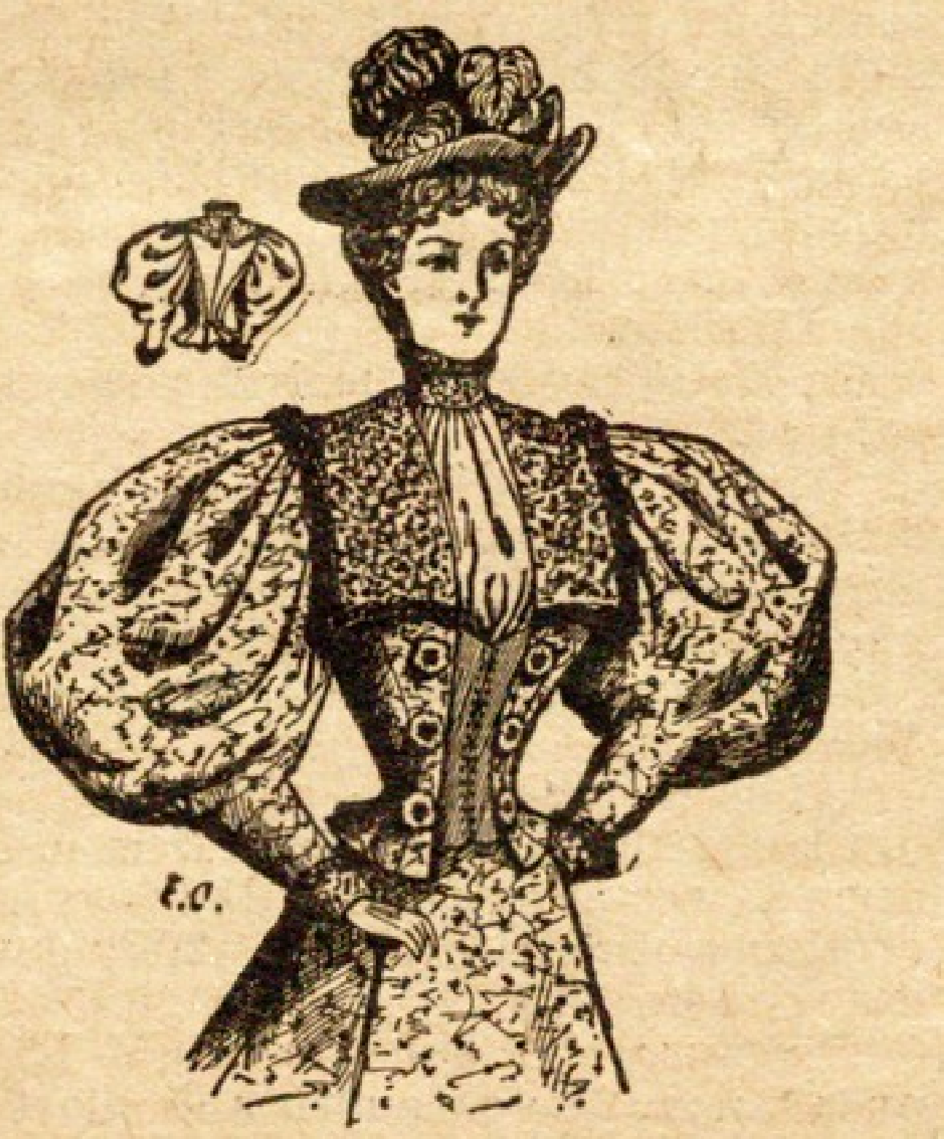
Quantity of Material 54 Inches Wide.

For	32	inches	bust	measure	6 yds.
"	36	"	"	"	6¼ "
"	40	"	"	"	6½ "
"	42	"	"	"	6¾ "

Retail price of pattern **6634** is 35 cents. Price to *Ledger* readers, 10 cents.

Ladies' Louis XV. Basque.

Fancy illuminated crepon in dark green and maize, green satin, black guipure and maize-colored chiffon are united in this stylish basque, the revers, collar and cuffs being edged with feather ruching. The basque with jacket fronts is made from the crepon to fit the figure closely, flaring in godet ripples below the waist line in back and on the sides. The jacket fronts separate over a vest front that displays a full chemisette of chiffon, held by a deep corselet of satin, that is decorated in center with a double row of dull gilt buttons. The arrangement is made over a smooth lining, fitted by double bust darts that close in center, the chemisette closing at the side under the left front. The standing and revers collar is made of satin, covered with black guipure, and finished on the edges with ruching.



6658—LADIES' LOUIS XV BASQUE

Three large, fancy buttons of dark green pearl, with dull gilt filigree centers, decorate each side of the jacket front. The full gigot sleeves are gathered at the top and droop stylishly below the elbow in latest mode, the wrists being completed with flaring gauntlet cuffs peculiar to this style of basque. Basques by the mode are usually made of material to match the skirt, the fancy front and revers collar being of contrasting fabric or color. Trimming is not necessary, as the edges can be plainly completed, and a tailor finish given if desired.

Pattern **6658** is cut in five sizes, viz.: 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure.

Quantity of Material 44 Inches Wide.

For 32	inches	bust	measure	....	3¼ yds.
" 36	"	"	"	....	3½ "
" 40	"	"	"	....	3¾ "

Retail price of pattern **6658** is 25 cents. Price to *Ledger* readers, 10 cents.

The Care of Clothes. It is not as hard to care for one's clothes as it is to get them in the first instance. Yet often those who have the fewest garments take the least pains to preserve their freshness. Wealthy women having French maids have their gowns and bonnets looked after with a jealous skill that women who lack such service scarcely dream of. It is not wear that makes your best gown look shabby in a couple of months. It is lack of care when it is off your back. If you fold it up or hang it, ten to one you do it badly.

Hang all your dress waists and skirts, but suspend them on "coat-hangers," not on hooks or nails. The way shopkeepers care for ready-made garments is an excellent object-lesson. A large supply of coat-hangers can be bought for a small sum, or if you are out of reach of the ready-made article, manufacture them. Half a barrel hoop, with a loop of string in the middle, makes a satisfactory substitute. Hanging only serves for heavy fabrics, not when they are of thin goods. In that case garments are apt to become stringy. Light materials must be folded, sleeves and bows stuffed out with tissue paper, and all given plenty of room.

Skirt bags are a luxury, even a necessity, for handsome garments. They are great square sacks of white cotton, longer than the skirts, and into which the skirt can be slipped without crushing. A sachet suspended in the center imparts to the skirt a fragrance which makes it as sweet and as fresh as a flower.

Skirts should not only be brushed when taken off, but the silk lining ought to be well wiped with a dry cloth. This should be done at once, and the skirt then put away properly. It is tumbling about on chairs, waiting to be disposed of, that ruins quantities of clothes.

A few pairs of boot-trees are invaluable. The cost of them is more than compensated for in actual saving of money. They not only preserve the shape, but they crack and break far less. It is a measure of economy to keep several pairs of shoes in use. When worn steadily they do not have time to dry out thoroughly while off the feet, and the constant dampness rots them. Water should never be put on shoes, and any soil should be removed with oil. Slippers can be kept stuffed with paper.

Gloves must be pulled in shape as soon as they are taken off, and not put away till they are dried. They should always be removed from the hand by turning them wrong side out from the wrist up, not by tugging at the fingers. In the shops they always turn them, as the other method ruins the shape and is likely to tear the kid.

The best way to preserve the crispness of vails is by rolling them up in low, narrow sachets made for the purpose: the tulle is straightened out, folded, laid on the sachet and rolled up with it, and the whole tied with a ribon fastened to the outside of the vail-case.

All closets and clothes-presses need frequent sunnings and airings. Clothing, too, should be exposed now and again, just as you sun your bedding. That is one of the most sweetening measures in the world. Dress waist-linings can be kept wonderfully nice if, in addition, you occasionally wipe them off with a cloth dampened with very weak Scrubb's cloudy household ammonia. Of course, the shields should be frequently changed.

The Management of Poultry. An engineer knows very well that too much fuel is one of the greatest obstacles to successful work. If poultry raisers would take a moment's thought, they would learn that too high feeding is the greatest bar to good results in poultry raising. An expert in this business says that corn has done more to decrease egg production than any food given to hens. Barley, oats, screenings and chopped hay are much better food, and the fowls will remain in better condition. Experience is teaching people in this work that forcing does not pay. It may do very well for a short time, but the reaction is disastrous and even fatal.

Hens should be kept in a dry, warm place, without draughts or stuffiness. Probably the best range for fowls for cold weather is a large shed with tar-paper walls, and skylight sufficient to insure brightness in every corner.

The drainage should be perfect, so that no water ever gets into the place; the floor should be of sand and should be kept clean, and the food may be scattered there. This will incite the hens to scratch, which exercise is absolutely necessary for their good health. Scraps of meat are of great value, but the meat should be clean and wholesome. The practice of feeding half decayed rubbish to laying hens cannot be too strongly condemned. Water is better given moderately warm, and if the hens are in a healthy state they will drink it eagerly. Sometimes the first thing in the morning they will rush to a trough of warm water, and only those who have watched carefully can realize what a quantity they consume. Common sense and prudence in feeding are indispensable to the highest success in this business.

FIBRE CHAMOIS

Redfern,
Ladies' Tailor and Habit Maker.
210 Fifth Ave., New York.

American Fibre Chamois Co., Times Bldg., N.Y.

GENTLEMEN:
We enclose a letter received a few days ago, from Miss Lillian Russell, which we think may be of service to you. Yours truly,
(SIGNED) REDFERN.

What——
Lillian Russell
Thinks of Fibre Chamois.

318 West 77th St.,
NEW YORK, August 14, 1895.

Messrs. Redfern, 210 Fifth Ave.

GENTLEMEN:—Kindly make up for me the gown I selected yesterday, using as you suggested the Fibre Chamois in the waist for warmth, and in the skirt and sleeves to give them that very stylish and bouffant effect. I find that the moreen petticoat does not give half the style that the genuine Fibre Chamois does. So naturally use nothing but the genuine goods. The imitation of this particular article I have found to be worse than useless.

Truly yours, (SIGNED) LILLIAN RUSSELL.

THE PRICE SHE PAID.[*]

BY AMELIA E. BARR,

Author of "The Beads of Tasmer," "Girls of a Feather," etc.

PART I.

Not many years ago the Rev. John Raeburn was the Independent minister of Market-Sorby. He was a man of unaffected piety and of great scholarship in certain directions; but fortune had served him with a niggard hand. For the congregation of Olivet Chapel was neither a rich nor a generous one, and Poverty had always been the familiar of the pious, studious, patient minister—that respectable poverty which hides itself beneath a garment and bears its suffering without a murmur. His wife had found in death a refuge from her ill fate ten years before my story begins; and his only son, after much contradictious folly and disobedience, had disappeared in that vague home of fortune-seekers—the Far West. Only his daughter Catherine remained to him, and she was beginning to realize their unhappy condition.

For Catherine Raeburn was a beauty, and a beauty without advantages of any kind is like a queen without a kingdom. It was not alone that her face was molded to perfection, her eyes divinely soft and bright, her complexion of the loveliest tints of youth and health: that her nut-brown hair was a crown to her, and that the exquisite undulations of her fine form made in her every movement a silent music—these things were only fleshly charms, and Catherine Raeburn possessed far nobler ones. She had a soul like a rose without a thorn; a nature pure and childlike; a frankness that thought no evil. Truth came naked from her lips. She was not assertive, but she had shown even in her childhood that her character was steadfast and self-reliant. And, above all, she had a joyous temper. She looked as if she had been born smiling.

Nothing of accidental fortune had been added to these natural advantages. She lived in a small, shabby house. She had no pretty clothing. And her education, as far as "accomplishments" went, had been entirely neglected. The minister had certainly made her acquainted with the master minds of English literature, with the history of nations and the lives of great men, and under his tuition she had become a clever mathematician. But of music and singing, of painting and languages, of needlework, or of any of the trivial feminine arts of her day, she knew nothing at all. As she approached her eighteenth year she became conscious of these things, and perhaps she overrated her own disadvantages and deficiencies.

"I am in the world, but not of it," she said to her father one day, "and I cannot better myself here. We are so poor, and you know the Chapel trustees are talking of your age and of getting a young minister. What can we do, father?"

"We can trust God, Catherine. He faileth not."

"But we do not belong to the race of prophets. We have no right to expect the ravens to wait upon us. Mrs. Lambert says she can get me a situation as governess, with forty pounds a year. They may retire you to-morrow, and forty pounds would at least give you a roof and a little bread and coffee. I should have to leave you, dear, but what else can we do?" and she stroked his white hair, and stooped to kiss the slow, cold tears of age from his cheeks.

It was a crucial moment; he had felt it coming for some time. His heart trembled and sank. If he had only then found the courage to say "Let us remain together, Catherine," this story might have been a very different one; might, indeed, never have been written at all. But he could not bear to tell her how unwise it was to take her destiny out of the hands of God into her own hands; and that in so doing she might tangle its threads, and gain sorrow and lose time. He was afraid she would think him selfish; and rather than be so misjudged, he would let her go. He did not realize how selfish his unselfishness was; for the touch of her hand on his head and her lips on his cheek had put him in that condition wherein even good men are led by feeling only; when conscience is not listened to, and reason not inquired of. And so when Catherine asked again: "Had I not better go away, dear," he drew her close to his heart, and answered:

"Go; and God go with you, Catherine."

A month after this conversation, Catherine Raeburn was living at Otterby Manor House as governess to the little sons of James Mowbray of Otterby. The transition had been very pleasantly made. Mrs. Lambert—pleased with the success of her interference in Catherine's life—had done a mother's part to the inexperienced girl, in providing her with a suitable wardrobe, and in giving her advice and directions concerning the new circumstances which would surround her. In many other ways, she had made the change not only possible but satisfactory; and so far Catherine's expectations had been amply fulfilled.

On an upper floor of the Manor House she was sitting at breakfast with Willie and Fred Mowbray. The pretty parlor, which formed part of the suite appropriated to the children and their governess, faced the sunrising; and the lattices were open to the spring airs, from fell and garden. Flowery chintzes, lovely pictures, and a round table on which was spread a generous and well-served meal, gave to the room an air of charming comfort. Catherine was beautiful and happy. The boys were chattering merrily of their lessons and their rabbit hutches, when the door opened and Mr. and Mrs. Mowbray entered together. Mr. Mowbray had been from home since Catherine's arrival a week previously, and she glanced at him for a moment. He was a large man, with a fresh, open-air look, and he was dressed for riding; a good-natured man also, for he kissed the boys and asked after their rabbits and ferrets, and promised them each a pony. Then with his hand on his wife's shoulder, he stood watching the two women as they talked together. In five minutes more the interview was over, but Catherine was left with a letter in her hand, which Mr. Mowbray had given her. It was from her father, and it was the first letter she had ever received. She went into her room to read it, and tears of tenderness came into her eyes, and she kissed the words so full of love and wisdom. To her they seemed to shine.

Only one new thing had happened in Market-Sorby; Lord Morpeth had been canvassing the place for the Tory government, and he had called on her father to secure his vote and influence. The minister seemed to have been much pleased with the nobleman; he thought him "a truly accomplished gentleman," and said they "had talked together on many subjects."

"Lord Morpeth?" said Catherine, softly. "I wonder who he may be." And all the day long the name haunted her, and set itself to her dreams and fancies, and would seem familiar, whether she faced it or put it away.

The promise of these early days was not belied by the future. It was the time of cherry blossoms when Catherine first came to Otterby, and many a pleasant week had passed since that time, giving no tremor or hint of the stormy life beyond. She lived with the two little lads. They studied, and they wandered in the woods and by the trout streams, where the clouds cast shadows and the willows dipped. On wet days they read, and Catherine joyed in the storybooks as much as any child, for she had never read any romance, and the wonder tales that filled the boys' library opened a new world to her. In July and August they almost lived out of doors; they were in the hayfields and the wheatfields, and as happy as the days were long, for no one interfered with their joy. Mr. and Mrs. Mowbray were at races and regattas, or they were off to Switzerland for a month, or else on board some great man's yacht, among the North Sea Islands.

With September, however, there was a change, for the shooting at Otterby was famous, and many guests were coming. Rooms shut up all summer were opened, and dressed for company. An air of expectancy filled the house, and Catherine could not help catching the excitement. One afternoon she was going downstairs with a message for Mrs. Mowbray. Her arms were filled with dahlias, and she stepped carefully, but with an easy grace that was delightful to look at. Now, a little way from the foot of the stairs there was a broad landing, and as she reached it, a young man, who was running upstairs, reached it also. They both stood still. Their eyes met. Catherine's heart trembled within her. The stranger started; he was astonished at her beauty, and for a moment was speechless. Something had happened to both of them. In another Catherine went forward, and he cried in an eager voice:

"Pardon! Stay! Have we met before? I am Almund Morpeth. Will you tell me your name?"

"I am Catherine Raeburn."

Then she smiled and stooped her head to the dahlias, as she passed him. And he thought she was an angel.

He went to his room and walked rapidly up and down. He had received a shock, a delightful shock. Every nerve tingled with a new-found joy.

"Catherine! Catherine! Catherine!" he whispered. "O, how sweet she is! How lovely! She is like sunshine. She is like music. It is heaven to stand and look at her."

Catherine was equally affected. She hastened to the drawing-room and sat down. A sweet, soft tumult filled her heart; involuntarily she clasped her hands above it, and the dahlias fell to the floor. Their scattered beauty recalled her to duty; she had been sent to place them in certain vases, and she compelled herself to do so. All the time she was wondering and speculating. Was he going to stay at Otterby? Would she see him again? Would she see him that night? When the family were alone, or there was only a familiar friend, it was customary for the boys and their governess to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Mobray; but when there were important visitors, or a large party, they were not included. Usually Catherine was pleased to be ignored; she enjoyed the solitude of her evenings, for when the boys were asleep she could write a long letter to her father, or make herself a new garment.

But this night she wished to be asked downstairs. She prepared the boys for such an event, and she considered her own dress with some anxiety. Shortly before the dinner hour, however, many carriages began to arrive, and she felt that her desire was hopeless. Never had she been so disappointed. The children's animal enjoyment of special dainties irritated her; their plans and interests, for the first time, were tiresome. She was glad when they said "Good night," and she could sit quiet and recall that most delicious interview. Nothing of it had escaped her. Morpeth's momentary look of amazement and admiration; his love-darting glance; his eager voice; his manner so eloquent with an uncontrollable impulse! Oh, there was so much said in that short passage on the stairway, No stranger had ever before been in a moment so familiar with her, and to her. Was he a stranger?

At this question a look of intense inquiry came into her face. She drew her brows together, and sent Memory back, and back, through all her childhood. Shadows of pain and doubt followed the effort. She rose and went to the window and looked into the garden, flooded with moonshine. "It is the same scene," she whispered, in a soft, awe-struck voice, "and *he* is the lover that I have dreamed about ever since I was a little girl. Yonder is the twin-tree, and the hazel maze, and the sun dial. I have seen this place in my dreams many a time, and *he* was always there. Now that he has come, I remember the place. It is my fate. He will love me. I already love him. And if I had only stayed at home, I should have met him months ago. I have spent all the spring and summer here, teaching for a little money, and I have missed just so much of my life and love."

The moonlight faded, the company left, the fire died down, and then with soul on tiptoe, she went to sleep. In the morning the first words Willie said were: "Papa and Lord Morpeth have gone shooting;" and they were like cold water thrown on the whole day. But its routine had to be gone through, and part of it was an afternoon walk in the park. Here there was a great tree with a rustic seat round it, and she sat there while the boys made traps, and traced a mole's winding way. At sunset she rose and called them, and at the same moment Mr. Mowbray and Lord Morpeth appeared. Freddie took his father's hand, and Lord Morpeth walked with Willie and Catherine. As he came to her side, a wondrous beauty flashed into her face. If he had not already felt her charm he must have caught love from her there and then. For love radiated from her glowing cheeks, her starry eyes, her soft speech, her laugh like music, her little movements and expressions of unspeakable grace and living emotions. And he knew that *he alone* called forth all this loveliness. As a bee sips honey he drank it in. He was intoxicated with it. He caught her glances half way. He caught her speech on his smiles. The sway of her clothing made him languid with delicious feeling; the touch of her hand thrilled him like a new sense.

They were under the same roof, and for two hearts so enthralled, love found many sweet opportunities. That they were stolen ones, made them all the sweeter. Love enjoys the idea of contradictions. Love does not really want its course to run smooth. Catherine felt sure Mrs. Mowbray was vexed if Lord Morpeth paid her any attention. If he sat by her side, or took her for a walk, or made an excuse to go with Willie to the schoolroom, she took care to interfere. Morpeth complained that his position was still harder. His uncle had chosen a wife for him, and he was determined to marry no one but Catherine. They made much of such hindrances to their meeting as really existed; they were quite disposed to imagine others that did not exist. They believed themselves to be more in love than any human creatures had ever before been. They took a certain joy in concluding that not only humanity, but destiny was disposed to cross their happiness. Morpeth did this consciously, for it put Catherine more and more under his influence; Catherine was sincere in her self-deception; she knew nothing of life, and was at this time as incapable of wisely guiding herself as she would have been of piloting a ship across the Atlantic.

Mr. Mowbray was the first to speak of the subject.

"Annie," he said to his wife one day, "Morpeth is staying here for the sake of Miss Raeburn. He cares nothing about the pheasants."

"I have thought that for some time, Thomas."

"If he wrongs her in any way I would as lief horsewhip him as not. It would be the same as wronging a child. She is as ignorant of life as our little Willie. Why don't you speak to her?"

"Because if I did, she would likely impute to me the meanest and most selfish reasons. Morpeth would teach her to do so. His interest would lead him that way."

"But if he loves her and wins her love, he must marry her. There is no reason against it."

"There is money against it, or rather poverty. His estate will be sold under the hammer if his uncle does not come to the rescue; and he will not do that, unless Almund marries Miss Muncaster."

"I fear it is a bad job. You had bet send the little girl home."

"She suits me, and she suits the boys; I will send her home at Christmas for t weeks. She will probably tell her fath It is his place to interfere."

"Morpeth is going to London with me morrow. You could speak to him to-nig

"It is none of our business, Thomas. to people in love God himself could speak wisdom. But it is near to Christ and I will send her to her father."

From this visit, however, Catherine ceived no strength. The struggling b ness and poverty of her home shocked in every sense. She cried pitifully over father in its sordid limitations, and was consoled by the fact that he had sold an torical text-book for one hundred pou and been requested to write more of same kind. This had seemed a marvel piece of fortune to the simple student, he had kept it for a Christmas joy to Cat ine; but the girl could not imagine ri from such a source. All her life she had her father writing, and nothing much come of it. Yet she was glad to make home more comfortable, and delighted know that he was no longer dependen the Chapel people for his daily bread.

This visit showed her how far she wandered from her old self. The small, rooms, the plain table, the cramped, unlo life of her girlhood, pained and shamed She felt that she could never return and she longed also to put her father from its constraints and humiliations. had talked on this subject very often t lover, and they had made many plea plans for the minister's future. But present she could not discuss them; for mund had particularly wished her to nothing about him, just at this time. So was often very quiet and silent, and minister wondered where his joyous li girl had gone to. When he asked her, said "she was thinking of his sad lot," he was grateful and happy in her consid tion. If she was really thinking of lover, her father did not suspect it. No carelessness, or mistake, is Love pai blind; it is Mercy that holds his eye that he cannot see.

She returned to Otterby with a l heartache. Nothing at home had been as she expected. Her father had becom sorbed in his new work, and had learn bear life without her. Her old acqu ances had been politely cold, for Cath had outgrown their patronage, and vul ity does not love, unless its favors humiliate. After all, it was pleasant to Mrs. Mowbray smiling and nodding a w come to her, as the train stopped at the tion; pleasant to step into the hands brougham and have the footman caref fold the warm furs round her; very pleas indeed, to find her own parlor renov and bright with flowers and firelight, table delicately spread, and the boys ing with open arms to greet her.

In a day or two, life settled back int usual routine, and then the Mowbrays to London for a short season. Cath was left with plenary powers in her department, and she was happy in the pect of a few weeks of quiet independ Every morning brought her a long pas ate letter from her lover, and all her l was spent in answering these letters, a tender, languorous dreaming of the who had taken possession not only o feelings but of her imagination.

About the beginning of February was a tone of trouble in Almund's c spondence. "His uncle was seriously il feared he would have to go to the sou France with him. He had heard also the Mowbrays would bring back with many guests, and a certain Captain rester was to be one of them, and h already furiously jealous of him." C ine smiled, and yet she was pleased this exacting affection. What woman not like her lover to be a little jeal her?

Suddenly, one afternoon, Almund ar at Otterby. Catherine was out wit boys, but he could guess where they likely to be found, and went straight park pond. Very soon the voices of three happy skaters convinced him th had been a correct diviner. Catherine flying over the ice, the boys vainly t to catch her ere she reached the goal, their eager chase Almund's approach not perceived, until they turned and him standing on the edge of the Then it was who could reach him first there was a little hubbub of joy ov arrival.

Never had Catherine seemed so exq and so desirable. If any pitying scruple been in his heart ere he saw her, the s dor of her beauty and his own ove tering passion for the girl silence doubts and made him reckless as to c quences. As they walked home throug winter twilight, he told her what u case had brought him to Otterby.

"My uncle leaves in two days fo Mediterranean," he said, "and I mu with him. It is not likely he will ev turn alive. It is true I am his natural but he is enormously rich, and his per property he can leave as he desires. most important to me, Catherine. Wi it, my title will be but a killing burd cannot leave you with nothing but a pr between us. There must be an irrevo tie. You must marry me to-morrow ing."

"I cannot do that. I must stay here

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[*] Copyright, 1896. by Bacheller, Johnson & Bacheller.

Mrs. Mowbray returns. She expects nothing less from me."

"I do not wish you to leave here just yet. I only wish you to marry me. No one but the priest and two witnesses will be present. I have arranged everthing. Then, when my poor uncle is no more, I shall return home free and rich, and we shall have a public ceremony. I ask nothing from you but this. We will part at the church door, and I will not see you again till I can claim you before all the world."

She only answered with a sigh, and he continued his pleading until the house was reached. Then he turned to Willie and said:

"Ask me to tea with Miss Raeburn and you, boys. I think you might do that."

And Willie and Fred jumped at such a delightful proposal, and very soon the footman was spreading the table in the children's parlor, and Catherine was pouring out the tea, and Lord Morpeth serving the game pasty. A delightful hour followed the meal, and then the boys, wearied with skating and talking, fell sound asleep; and Lord Morpeth had his opportunity. All the sweet ways of persuasion known to men, his love—strong and exacting—taught him; and when he left the Manor House at nine o'clock that night, it was with Catherine's promise to meet him at nine o'clock the next morning in the parish Church at Otterby. The rector was in Italy, and the curate lived at the larger village of Otterby-Major; but Almund had a clergyman with him, a friend of his college days, and a shilling would obtain the keys from the sexton.

The promise was made, and she was too truthful to waver a moment after it; but she did not dare to think of what might follow. She was going to make Almund happy, going to give him an unmistakable proof that she desired none but him, and that she fully trusted her future to his honor. Women who really love rejoice in such self-sacrifice, and Catherine went to sleep smiling. She was glad to show her love by doing all that love asked; she would trust Almund without guarantee; her faith in him needed no witness.

Nine o'clock was an early hour at Otterby Manor. When she left the house, half an hour before it, only a servant-maid was about. "I am going for a walk, Ann," she said, "but I shall be back before breakfast is served." It was a clear, cold morning, and she walked rapidly, neither debating with herself nor spoiling the grace of her surrender with questions and suspicions. Almund met her at the stile where the park touched the highway, and as soon as they entered the church a young man in the usual clerical dress stepped from before the chancel railing. Two others walked forward, and after a few sentences which Catherine scarcely heard, and certainly did not recognize, Almund clasped her hand, and took her fcr his wife "until death should part them." A ring was slipped on her finger, and in an ecstasy of emotion she heard Almund call her "wife." Then there was a slight movement, a few words in a low tone, and she was conscious that Almund was paying the priest money and giving directions to one of his witnesses, who was his valet. The next minute they were in the sunlight again, and Almund was holding her hand close, and saying softly to her every word a woman loves to listen to.

So soon to part! That was the shadow of the happy hour; but Catherine would not be sorrowful. She bid Almund "good bye" with radiant smiles, and went back to her duties at Otterby, whispering his name to her heart all the way home. Only an hour had passed, and yet in that hour she had done what she could never undo; she had stepped across a Rubicon, and now there was a great gulf between the Catherine of yesterday and to-day. She felt it immediately. The boys' lessons were things far off, she could not bring them within her interests. She had left something of her old self in that old church, and the words spoken over Almund's and her own clasped hands had been transforming ones. It is, however, a fortunate thing when women deeply in love have duties that must be done; and Catherine being conscientious in the smallest matter, soon compelled herself to affect the interest she did not feel. And the inevitable is a great strengthener. In a day or two she realized that Almund was far from her; that no actual change in her life could take place for some weeks or months, and that she must either remain at Otterby or go back to her father's house.

So the winter went, and with the spring the Mowbrays returned to the Manor House. But though nothing like a complaint was expressed, Catherine was soon sensitive to a difference. She did not consider that the "difference" had first arisen with herself; that her pupils had long felt it, though they were quite unable to define the change. She only wondered what the servants had said to Mrs. Mowbray, or what Mrs. Mowbray had heard in London; and day by day the slight coldness and constraint increased. Before her marriage Catherine would have tried to smile or explain it away; now, she simply did her duty, and waited. When Almund came home, her position would be altered.

One morning Mrs. Mowbray was a little unreasonable. She said "she did not know what had so changed Catherine," and yet when asked, she could not define the change. Catherine felt injured, and was silent and irresponsive. A few words would have cleared the domestic atmosphere, but they were not said; and the boys played in whispers and did not enjoy their play. By the afternoon mail Catherine received a letter from Almund. He said "he had just come from his uncle's funeral. He was ill. He wanted his wife. He begged Catherine to come to him. But she must let Mrs. Mowbray think she was going back to Market-Sorby; he did not want her meddling in their affairs."

The letter was an impetuous, passionate appeal, and it found Catherine in the very mood to answer it. She sought Mrs. Mowbray, and said she wished to go home.

"It will be the best place for you," answered the lady. "You are unhappy, and you do not tell me why. I have heard things that may or may not be true. You do not confide in me. I think you ought to speak to your father."

As it happened, Market-Sorby was on the direct road to London, and Mrs. Mowbray, hearing Catherine ask for a ticket for that place, was convinced she had returned to her home. She was sorry, and she was not sorry. Catherine's beauty was too remarkable. She was not jealous, but she did not like to hear Mr. Mowbray rave about it; and the boys were really silly where their governess was concerned. Yes, it was better to have a change, and she very willingly forgot all about Catherine Raeburn's existence.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

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OBLIGATIONS OF GUESTS.

In these give-and-take days when an equivalent is always expected to be forthcoming, and when an invitation is given with the certainty of a return, guests are rather apt to overlook the fact that although an obligation of this nature is only a temporary one, yet for the time being it is as binding as if it were a permanent one. The knowledge that the opportunity for repayment is in the near future, perhaps, already arranged for, does not alter the position between the one who receives and the one who takes. The guest of the moment is the one under obligation, and this little point is too much lost sight of and allowed to slip out of recollection, while to bear it in mind would have a beneficial effect upon functions in general and hospitable gatherings. An instance in point: A man is asked to dine at a house at which he is not very intimate with either host or hostess, but sufficiently well acquainted with them to receive an invitation. Nevertheless, this obligation is a small one, but many a guest does not come up to time, even to making the slight return that lies in his power, that is, to make himself agreeable. If the lady he takes in to dinner is not up to his standard of what a dinner companion should be, he does not hesitate to let her perceive it by turning his attention in other directions, to his opposite neighbor, to his plate, or to his own reflections, quite regardless that his hostess invited him in the expectation of something better than this.

Again, a guest too frequently brings his own preoccupations and disappointments with him, instead of putting them off with his morning suit. If the stocks have run down, if the horse he has backed is nowhere, if—well, a thousand ifs render a man dull and out of sorts and absolutely cross, if an invitation has reached him he would have much preferred accepting had it but reached him a day sooner.

Women as a rule fulfill these obligations, as far as in them lies, more conscientiously than do men; they are not purposely dull and the reverse of agreeable; they would rather be charming than uninteresting, and make the best of the situation, even if it is not all they could wish in the matter of companionship. If a lady does find one dinner neighbor more easy to get on with than the one who has taken her in to dinner, it need hardly be reckoned against her; she is exerting herself to please one of the guests at least, thus doing her part toward the success of the dinner party of which she is a unit. Then, too, married couples are not always acquisitions. A husband often overweights a wife; he, perhaps, is censorious; she, nervous, sensitive and a little afraid of him, and neither are at best when seated at a dinner table within earshot of each other. Every one, more or less, has invited these types of guests, or has had one or other of them as a neighbor at dinner. Ubiquitous as they are in society, it is a relief to turn to their opposites, guests who make a point of appearing at their best on all social occasions, never allowing individual feeling, depression or annoyance to come to the front, or to influence their conversation and demeanor. A man with a momentous decision to make on the morrow on some public question of weighty interest will talk in a bright and merry vein on matters of trivial insignificance, perhaps, but which seems to draw out kindred remarks from others, and to keep the ball of conversation lightly rolling, while many married couples give each other the lead, so to speak, and are nothing if not thoroughly agreeable and companionable and up to date.

The relations between a visitor and her hostess never require to be more carefully considered than when the visit is made in town. In the country a visitor has very little opportunity of taking her own line; on the contrary, she has to follow the routine arranged by her hostess, and has only to acquiesce in what is proposed to be done each day. It is different in town, where the rule is for a host and hostess to accept invitations for themselves, whether a visitor will be staying with them at the time or not, although a hostess generally informs the intended visitor beforehand of her dinner engagements, to give her the opportunity of making engagements for herself in the evenings in question; for when a host and hostess dine out, their visitor is usually expected to do the same at the house of a relative or friend.

Again, as regards evening parties and dances, it much depends upon whether the visitor is a young and pretty girl or a lady of middle age, as to asking permission to take her or not. In the generality of cases a hostess prefers not to ask this favor, and to allow her visitor to amuse herself. To an ordinary afternoon at home a visitor is taken as a matter of course, but to no other entertainment, and a visitor is most unreasonable when, as too often follows, she shows evident displeasure at not being included in the long-standing engagements of her hostess or that they are not given up on her account. As the obligation is incurred by the visitor, she should respect her hostess' plans and fall in with them, and consult her as to all engagements she desires to make independently of her. Otherwise a hostess feels that she is put into rather the position of a landlady, and that her town house is little better than a hotel to the visitor who makes use of it. Shopping and visiting are great temptations to most visitors in town, but the convenience of a hostess should never be sacrificed to such allurements, and a visitor should endeavor to hit the happy medium, and not give her hostess too little or too much of her society.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

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THE MODERN TRUNK.

Every one having occasion to get anything out of a trunk tray, or to pack things away in one, has anathematized the lid's propensity for falling down if left unsupported for a moment. Having to hold up the lid with one hand and arrange the articles inside the tray with the other is no easy task. Within the last twelve months an ingenious trunk-maker has invented a folding tray cover which doubles up and goes back with a spring, getting itself out of the way as if by magic when not needed. Now every trunk-maker wonders why no one thought of this simple solution of the difficulty before, in all these years full of trunks. In the bonnet box of the woman's ideal trunk a slender cushion, made of springs, is placed. It is intended to fit into the crown of the bonnet and prevent its getting crushed. The newest trunks now have a hatpin appended to this cushion, which fastens the bonnet on the little stand.

Bureau trunks are found nowadays which not only possess all the conveniences of a bureau, but are also graceful in shape. When left standing open in a room they are the height of an ordinary bureau. Square bureau trunks, large and capacious, with convenient drawers to pull in and out, have been in use for some time, and are already favorites in the market. In the newer bureau trunk the drawers are large and deep at the bottom, and gradually get shallower as they near the top, forming a not disagreeable article of furniture when the lid is lifted. Travellers unlocking and throwing open a trunk of this description, when they reach their destination, find all their toilet articles just to hand as if in their bureau drawers at home. There is nothing to unpack, nothing to rearrange, as in the case of an ordinary trunk; and when this trunk is shut down it is far more secure than any bureau, because of the superiority of its locks. It is not roomy enough, however, to carry many gowns.

Trunks now are all finished in a fine quality of plain linen. No paper is used about the interior of the trays and boxes. No attempt at decoration is made, and there is no touch of color save for an occasional portfolio of crimson or russet leather attached to the outside of the upper tray, for carrying papers, coupons, etc.

When a fashionable dame goes off on a short trip, and wishes to transport her evening dress without damage to its laces, bows and delicate plaitings, she provides herself with one of the new steamer trunks, with its broad, deep box for the accommodation of skirts, and its convenient tray for smaller indispensables. When a man is invited to a country house for a visit of a few days, he takes with him a "vade mecum," or "constant companion," which is an American improvement on an article much in vogue in England. The "vade mecum" resembles a large valise in the fashion of its opening, but in that respect only.

It is covered with dark enameled duck, garnished with leather trimmings, and is a very prepossessing article of luggage, having a style all its own. The compartments inside are arranged with a view to accommodate all the appointments of a man's wardrobe, except a tall silk hat; if that goes, it must be provided for otherwise. When a man is invited anywhere for a few days he doesn't want to take a trunk so large that it looks as if he meant to stay indefinitely, nor does he want to crush his wearing apparel into a compass too small for its well-being. Again, his friends' well-appointed trap meets him at the station, and he wants his luggage to correspond with his surroundings; the "vade mecum" meets all of these requirements, and is distinguished enough in appearance to be just what he needs.—*Tribune.*

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A Backwoods Story.

BY W. THOMSON.

One of the earliest white settlers in Northern Michigan was a man named John Meadows, who, with his wife and fourteen-year-old son, Julian, migrated from Southern Ohio, and preëmpted a quarter section of wild land in what is now Cheboygan County.

The hardy pioneer made the long journey of three hundred miles—mostly through an unbroken wilderness—with an ox-team and cart, in which last were stored a few simple farming implements and household goods, a pair of young pigs, a stock of flour and such other necessaries as he could afford to buy, while behind the cart walked wife and son, leading a milch cow and heifer calf, which all looked upon as the foundation of a herd to be raised in their new home.

The trip occupied twenty-eight days, and each night of those days the little family rested on the ground beneath the cart, enjoying such sweet sleep as is happily the blessed reward of honest toil. For flesh food they depended then, and for many months afterward, solely upon the long, flintlock rifles carried by father and son, as deer, bears, wild turkeys and other game were extremely plentiful in most parts of the country through which they passed.

After many stirring, though not dangerous, adventures, the immigrants finally arrived at the previously-selected tract of densely-wooded land, beautifully situated on the west bank of Indian River. Then father, mother and son went vigorously to work, and in four days had erected a water- and weatherproof log shanty which was to be their home for the next three years.

In like manner they then built a secure shelter for the cattle, which, although finding abundant pasturage on the open spots along the river, had to be brought in every night, for at that time fierce gray wolves—still numerous in many parts of Michigan—roamed everywhere through the primeval forest,

During that first summer John Meadows and his sturdy boy, aided by the oxen, cleared off five acres of land, and early in September sowed the patch with fall wheat. By the middle of May next spring they had three acres more in serviceable shape, though fully one-third of the area was encumbered by stumps and piles of such large green logs as could not be burned until partially dried by the coming summer sun. However, all the available space was planted with potatoes, Indian corn, pumpkins, turnips, onions and such other seeds as the settlers had been able to procure from travelling traders in exchange for furs. Moreover, Mrs. Meadows now had leisure to prepare a little flower-garden in front of the house, and this, by the Fourth of July, was a glory to behold.

As is generally the case with well-directed industry, Providence smiled upon the labors of the woodland farmers; all their crops turned out splendidly, and the second winter not only the family but the cattle—now increased to five head by the addition of a spring calf—had an abundance of vegetable food, while the two parent pigs and a large litter of thrifty young ones gave promise that not for long would the household have to depend solely upon game for meat.

The wheat, thrashed partly by hand flails, partly in the old patriarchal fashion of treading out by oxen, was, in default of a fanning-mill, winnowed by tossing high in air while the autumn breezes blew; and after laying by enough of it for a year's bread and that season's seeding, the surplus was traded to Thomas Owen, a lately arrived and well-to-do settler, for a couple of sheep, a pair of ducks and a half dozen chickens.

Our immigrants were getting on in the world. After being only eighteen months in the bush, they now had twenty-five acres of rich land cleared, a year's stock of provisions on hand, and, best of all, a family of friendly neighbors within the convenient distance of three miles, a space that in the backwoods is reckoned no greater than as many blocks in a big city.

But, meantime, they were almost out of white flour. Some of the wheat must be ground, and the nearest mill and country store, located on the present site of Mackinaw City, were fifty miles away.

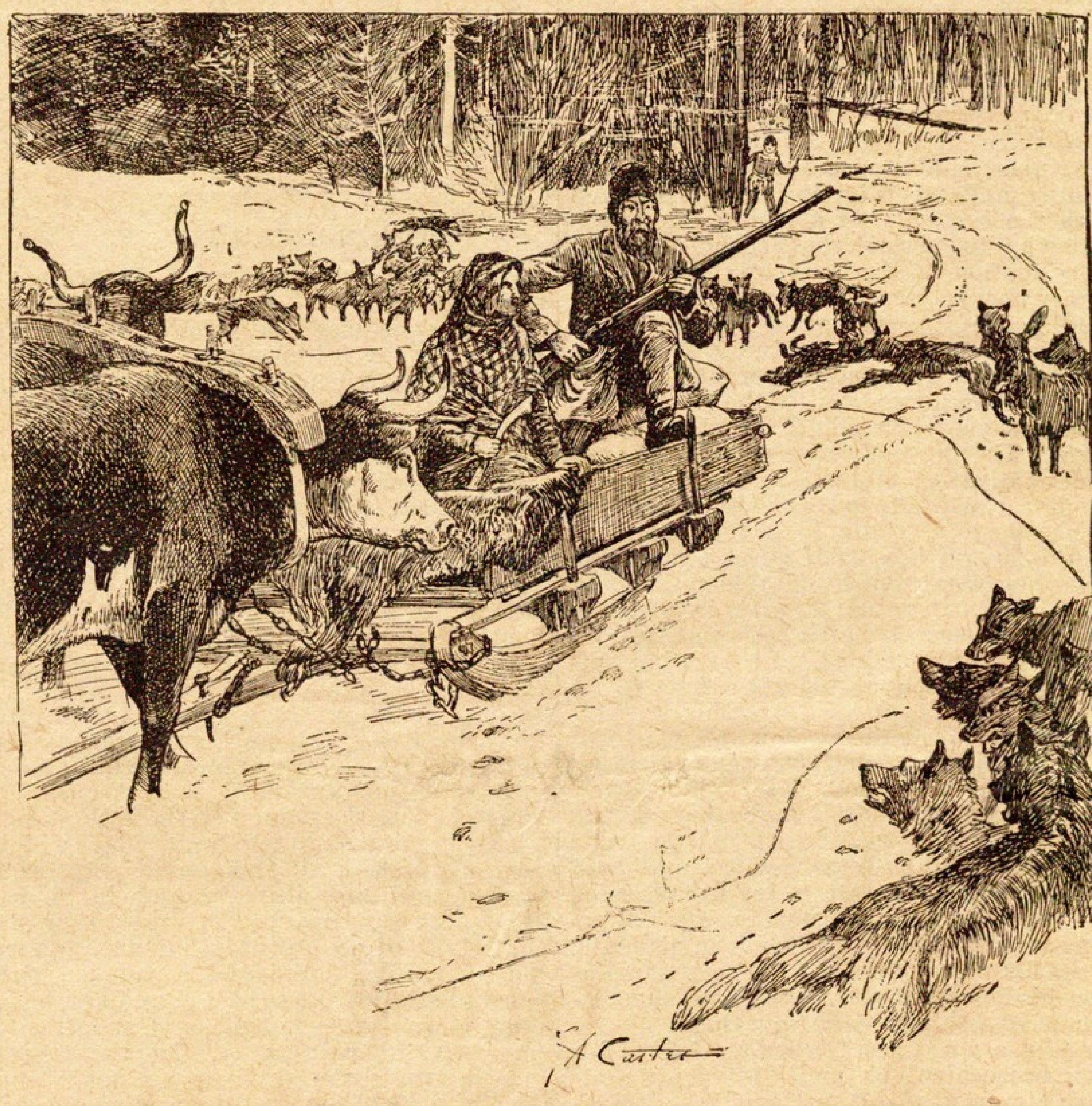
So, when, toward the end of November, the first heavy snow fell, John Meadows borrowed ten bags from Mr. Owen, put therein twenty bushels of wheat, piled all on a home-made sled, drawn by the oxen, and, with his wife, set out for a journey to the grist-mill, leaving Julian, now a stout fellow of fifteen and a half years, to keep house and care for the live stock.

The couple carried with them the first money they had seen for months, neighbor Owen having gladly paid them hard cash for all the garden truck they could spare.

Mrs. Meadows being thus in a position to buy some long needed articles at the distant store, cheerfully braved the perils of the trip, though well knowing that in going and coming she must at least sleep four nights in the forest—utterly trackless, save for an old Indian trail. But the travellers, being well provided with food, and having plenty of warm bearskin robes, did not fear the cold.

Apart from the ordinary risks of bush travel, the only possible danger lay in the fact that wolves might unexpectedly attack the oxen, and then, crazed by the taste of blood, gobble up their owners. Meadows, however, so well knew the cowardly nature of these brutes, and had so much confidence in his own resources, that he attached no importance whatever to this contingency. He did not rely much on his ax and rifle as means of defense, but pinned his faith to the flint, steel and punk, with which he could at any time kindle a protecting fire in a few minutes; and he also knew of another sure plan of keeping wolves at a safe distance. He never once considered that the hungry creatures might attack in daylight, at a moment when he would not have those "few minutes" to put either of these plans into operation.

During the first day of his parents' absence, Julian, trained to fearlessness, had no misgivings as to their safety; but when night came, he, somehow, could not sleep. Every time he fell into a doze, frightful visions obtruded themselves upon his restless mind, and so impressed him that, when morning came, he shut cattle, sheep and pigs in the outbuildings with a supply of food and water, and started off on the sled-track, taking his rifle, hunting-knife and all the ammunition in the house along with him. He quickly found that the travellers' progress must necessarily have been very slow, for he saw that in many places they had been obliged to chop their way through fallen tree-trunks. Indeed, he had not gone ten miles from home when he came upon the still smoldering fire by the side of which they had passed the first night, and he then felt sure of overtaking them before they camped down for the next.



SURROUNDED BY WOLVES.

Greatly reassured by finding no wolf-tracks on the trail, the boy went cheerfully on, though somewhat troubled by the thought that his father might laugh at him for indulging in fears which, so far, really did seem utterly groundless.

The wayfarers seemed to have got on faster the second day; for, although walking at his best speed, Julian had not caught sight of them up to four o'clock in the afternoon.

Shortly after that hour, however, when the shades of evening were already beginning to fall, he came to the edge of an immense dry cedar swamp, through which the tortuous trail led, and now he saw occasional footprints of wolves in the soft snow. This was no more than he expected, for he knew that on the approach of cold weather vast numbers of these creatures seek the comparative warmth of all accessible evergreen swamps.

It here becomes necessary to state a fact not known to every one, namely, that it is impossible to *trap* the gray wolf. This wary animal is so suspicious of anything that looks like a snare, that by simply laying around it a strand of wire, rope or twine a hunter may safely leave the carcass of a deer or other game on the ground all night, though scores of wolves may be in the vicinity. In places where a convenient tree could not be found to suspend it from, I have often so left the body of a deer and found it untouched in the morning. Yet, in contradistinction to this excessive caution, these same wolves might storm a fenced enclosure, or, if in great numbers, attack well-armed men. In one case they know the danger; in the other the mystery of the thing scares them.

But, as Julian went on, the ominous tracks became more frequent, and he now broke into a long, loping run, fervently praying that while in this dangerous locality the travellers might not be taken unawares by a suddenly gathered pack.

After going a mile or so farther, he turned a sharp bend in the trail, and then, to his horror, saw, not fifty yards ahead, his parents, the sled and oxen, all motionless, but surrounded by nearly a hundred crouching wolves, while here and there in their crowded ranks lay a dead one.

John Meadows and his wife sat on top of the wheat bags in the sled, to which, having been previously released from the yoke, the oxen were tied, head on, by their trace-chain. Although completety hemming the party in, none of the wolves, for some reason not yet apparent to Julian, advanced beyond a certain line, but, ranged in a circle, remained savagely gazing at their hoped-for prey.

It seems that about an hour before the boy's arrival, six or eight of the creatures had suddenly appeared in front of the team, and not daring to attack without reinforcements, had squatted down on the trail and sent forth that weird rallying cry which, passing on from one lurking wolf to another, speedily brought a whole pack to their assistance.

At first sight of the vanguard, Meadows knew what was about to happen, and, having no time to exhume fuel or chop down a dry tree for a fire, which, with only flint and punk, must take some minutes to kindle, he instantly drew the pin from the end of the chain leading from the yoke to sled, let the pole drop from the big ring, brought the oxen around, passed the chain between their heads and fastened it to the heavy runners, otherwise the frightened cattle would have stampeded, in which case they, as well as their owners, must have fallen an easy prey to the common foe.

Meanwhile, at a hint from her husband, Mrs. Meadows snatched up a long bed-cord, brought along to provide for accidents, uncoiled it and laid the slender rope in as wide a circle as it would make, around the whole party.

Though these precautions had occupied scarcely a minute, they were barely completed, when, trooping in from all sides, a great pack of wolves raged around the flimsy barrier, which, however, no pangs of hunger could have induced one of them to cross.

Then, after the beleaguered couple had again climbed on top of the load, Meadows shot down one of the brutes after another until his scant supply of ammunition was exhausted, vainly hoping to scare the others away.

For half an hour before Julian appeared, besiegers and besieged had quietly watched each other. The latter sat with their backs to the boy, and the former were so preoccupied that they did not see him until he was within twenty yards of the rope-ring. But then, tumbling over one another in their eagerness, and horribly howling, the whole pack made at him; while his mother, turning her head at the rush, frantically screamed: "Oh, John! My son, my son!"

Not for an instant did the youth falter; on the contrary, he redoubled his speed and was within ten yards of the sled when the foremost wolf, a monstrously large one, close up now, dropped dead with a bullet through its brain. Then, clubbing his heavy rifle, the young hero beat down two more of the ravening brutes, and the pack, momentarily cowed, halted for, perhaps, two seconds.

'Twas long enough, however, for now the father sprang from his seat, ax in hand, and literally hewed his way to the boy's side, and before either had received a scratch both were safely inside the charmed circle.

The old-fashioned, small-bore rifles generally used at that time by backwoodsmen seldom carried less than sixty round bullets to the pound, so that a hunter might, without being hampered by the weight, bear on his person enough ammunition to last, under ordinary circumstances, for several weeks. But John Meadows, having no fear whatever of wild beasts, had brought with him only the few bullets that happened to be in his pouch at starting, as he did not expect to fire a shot on the journey, except to bring down, when necessary, a passing deer or turkey.

Therefore, after the happy mother had sobbed out her joy on the boy's neck, the first question asked by his father was:

"Have you plenty of powder and lead, Julian?"

"I've got nearly two hundred balls, I guess, and lots of powder to drive them," replied the youth. "Why, father we can kill every one of those ugly brutes."

This did not prove practicable, however; for, after the two marksmen had knocked over ten or twelve, the eighty or so that were left seemed to realize the situation, and scurried off into the gloomy recesses of the swamp.

It was nearly dark now, but in less than ten minutes after the last wolf had disappeared, Julian, felling a dry cedar, had a glorious fire burning, by which his mother prepared supper, while the still trembling oxen were treated to a feed of corn.

Being absolutely safe now, the reunited

A DYING SPARK.

Stop Right Now! Don't Light Another! You're Burning Your Brains.

Wrecks Along the Street-Side.

Oft-times tobacco's victims look at the dying spark in the cigar-stump or at the big masticated "chaw" of tobacco just expectorated, and with nerves nicotinized with tobacco, mentally resolve "Now, that is my last! I will never use it again. I know that it i injuring me physically and financially, an my nerves are becoming so irritated tha I can't stand the least annoyance." Wha is the result? These good resolutions ar generally made while the effect of the us of tobacco practically paralyzes the cravings of millions of irritated nerve centers and just as soon as the effects commence t pass away these good resolutions weaken showing conclusively that the use of tobacco is not a habit but a disease of the nervou system, caused by the education of th nerves to crave for the nicotine poisoning What, then, is the easy, permanent, natura way to relieve yourself of the use of tobacco? Certainly not by discontinuing and suffering the nervous reaction an prostrating effects and mental degenerac sure to follow the long and continued use o tobacco. Does it not suggest itself to yo that the natural thing to do is to take remedy that is specifically prepared to eradicate the effects of the nicotine in the system, and to overcome the nerve-cravin effects and restore the tobacco irritate nerves to a normal and healthy condition To this we all say: "Yes. Where is th remedy?" You will find it in No-To-Ba This is easily said, and we all naturally as for proof. Certainly. If No-To-Bac fails t cure, The Sterling Remedy Company o New York, Montreal and Chicago have s much faith in their remedy that they positively guarantee to refund the money; an the concern being owned and operated b some of the most reputable business men o the East and West, is absolutely reliabl and, we are glad to say, able in every wa to live up to its guarantee.

The sale of No-To-Bac within the past fe years has assumed enormous proportion almost entirely developed upon its meri and the recommendations of the cured. S great is the sale that it is hardly possible t go into any leading drug-store without finding it on sale, and the druggist has nothin but words of praise to give it. —

More Enameline

Sold than all other stove polishes combined! It is the modern, ready-to-use Stove Paste. Saves work. No powder, no dirt, no trouble. Ask for it at your dealers. Get the genuine.

family enjoyed a hearty meal, after which father and son set to work and skinned the dead wolves—twenty-one in all. A profitable evening's business, for although at that early day there was no State bounty on wolf scalps, the pelts, at this season in prime condition, were eagerly bought by the merchant-miller at one dollar each.

Julian went back to the farm on the morning after the fracas, and his parents proceeded to their destination, whence, in due time, they safely returned with their grist and a generous supply of "store goods."

This little story, doubtless true in every particular, was lately told me by Julian Meadows himself, who, now a grand-looking patriarch of eighty-two, still lives on the old farm, years ago increased to a full section of 640 acres, and at present bounded on its west side by the Michigan Central Railroad.

Here, surrounded by a whole colony of descendants, the old gentleman is enjoying that calmly serene happiness which usually comes to one who has spent a long and virtuous life in honest work.

Among other old-time relics, the aged man showed me the two ancient flintlock rifles and the identical axes carried by himself and his father on that eventful day in the wolf-infested cedar swamp.

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SEEDS FREE.

The new free delivery system inaugurated by Peter Henderson & Co. secures to any one who orders their seeds from them the free delivery to any post-office in the United States.

Messrs. Peter Henderson & Co. issue this year an entirely new catalogue for 1896, which illustrates and describes the grandest assortment of seeds on this continent. This "new catalogue" they mail on receipt of a two-cent stamp, or to those who state in what paper they saw their advertisement it will be mailed *free*. Full particulars of this offer will be found in Messrs. Peter Henderson & Co.'s announcement in another portion of this paper. —*a.*

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—The total number of public school children in New York City, enumerated in December, 1895, by the police census, was 423,164.

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READ CAREFULLY

the offer made by John Lewis Childs in last week's issue of a package of fifty seeds of New Scarlet Pansies, which will be sent for *ten cents*, together with a 136-page Catalogue, elegantly illustrated with large colored plates, of Flowers and Vegetables, Seeds, Bulbs, Plants and Rare New Fruits. Order at once, mentioning the *Ledger*. —*a.*

◆

DO YOU PLAY CARDS?

If so, send a two-cent stamp to the Indiana Bicycle Co., Indianapolis, Ind., who will mail free of charge their Souvenir Game Counter, as described in their advertisement. The Indiana Bicycle Co. are one of the largest Bicycle manufacturers in this country, and their "Waverley" machine is one of the most popular. —*a.*

◆

A VERY DESIRABLE CALENDAR.

Calendars of all kinds and sizes herald the coming year. Many are to be had for the asking—many without asking—but to them, as to other things, the rule might be applied that what costs nothing is worth about what it costs. The calendar we always welcome has just reached us. We refer to the one published by N. W. AYER & SON, Newspaper Advertising Agents, Philadelphia. This issue seems if possible even better than its predecessors. Handsome enough for the library, and yet carefully adapted for everyday use, it is naturally a great favorite. The firm's well-known motto, "Keeping Everlastingly At It Brings Success," appears this year in a new and very attractive form. The daily presence of this inspiring motto is worth far more than the price of any calendar. The date figures are so large and clear that they can easily be seen across the room. The reading matter on the flaps will also possess interest to the progressive. Those who have used this calendar in other years will not be surprised to learn that the demand for it is constantly increasing. Once introduced, it becomes a welcome friend. Its price (25 cents), includes delivery, in perfect condition, postage paid, to any address. —*a.*

◆

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

I taught school last winter and this summer. Seeing so many advertisements of dish washers, I thought I would make some money during vacation. You said in your paper the Rapid Dish Washer was best, so I sent to W. P. Harris & Co., Columbus, O., who manufacture specialties for agents, and got one, asked the neighbors in, and washed the dinner dishes so quick and nice every one present bought one. I made this week $62.00, and that is a good deal better than school teaching, so I am going to sell dish washers this winter. Other teachers would be glad to have this hint.

DAISY HENRY.

MEMORY Lost can be regained. Ask of Box 788, New York, **HOW?**

$525 Agent's profits per month. Will prove it or pay forfeit. New articles just out. A **$1.50** sample sent free. Try us. **Electrograph Co., 28 Bond St., N. Y.**

Brass Band Instruments, Drums, Uniforms and all Equipments. Send stamp for catalogue, 400 illustrations. Lyon & Healy, Chicago.

PATENTS **PATTISON & NESBIT, Wash., D. C.** Advice as to patentability and Inventors' Guide free.

WANTED PARTY to buy farm here in my locality for the purpose of going into live stock business. It is positively a safe investment for a man with ready capital. No triflers need apply. Address or call on **S. H. NULL, Box 332 West Grove, Pa.**

SHORTHAND taught by mail. Situations procured. **W. G. CHAFFEE, Oswego, N. Y.**

ASTHMA CURED DR. TAFT'S ASTHMALENE never fails; send us your address. We will mail trial bottle FREE. **The Dr. Taft Bros. M. Co., Rochester, N. Y.**

FREE TO BALD HEADS. We will mail on application, free information how to grow hair upon a bald head, stop falling hair and remove scalp diseases. Address, **Altenheim Medical Dispensary,** Room 103 Selves Building, Cincinnati, O.

AGENTS, Start a business of your own; be a manufacturer's agent and merchandise broker; 50 cents by return mail will bring you the addresses of 250 manufacturers and jobbers in different articles and specialties, with full instructions how to proceed. **Novelty Introduction Co., 235 Washington St., Boston, Mass.**

ONLY 10 CENTS. Stamping Outfit, **91** patterns, outline designs 5x8, conventional designs 6x6, patterns for painting & embroidery 8 & 10 in. high 2 alphabets, 1 a large forget-me-not pattern, and many others very desirable. All this and a **3** months' subscription to **The Home,** a 16-page story paper, with fashions and fancy work illust'd, Sent for only **10c.** The Home, 141 Milk St. Boston, Mass.

THE COLUMBIA CALENDAR.

A Highly Artistic Production for 1896—Bright Thoughts by Columbia Riders and Much Useful Information.

The Columbia Pad Calendar for 1896 has made its appearance, representing the eleventh annual issue, and handy and convenient as it has been heretofore, the new issue certainly surpasses any of its predecessors. The cycling fraternity, to say nothing of the general public, has acquired a decidedly friendly feeling for the Columbia Calendar, and its annual advent is looked forward to with interest and pleasure. The new Calendar contains a much better arrangement than in previous years, more space having been allowed for memoranda, while a greater charm has been added by liberal illustration and a unique and convenient grouping of dates, calculated to meet the hurried needs of business men. All these, however, merely form a setting for the bright and sparkling thoughts contributed by Columbia riders everywhere; for such a host of friends has the Calendar acquired that it has become a customary practice for wheelmen all over the country to jot down their best thoughts and inspirations after being subjected to the exhilarating influence of a Columbia ride, and to send them in to brighten its pages. In addition to these pleasing features, the moon's phases are indicated for the benefit of those who wish to know the best time for night riding. The many dainty sketches that embellish its pages render it, indeed, a work of art. Owing to the unusual demand last year, a much larger edition has been issued for 1896. The Calendar can be obtained for five 2-cent stamps by addressing the Calendar Department of the POPE MANUFACTURING COMPANY at Hartford, Conn. —*a.*

Agents Make from $50. to $500. a month at home or traveling. Work for young and old. Don't rely on others. Earn your own living. Outfit furnished free. Get to work at once. CHICAGO SCALE CO. Chicago

FAT **CORPUS LEAN** Will reduce fat at rate of 10 to 15 lbs. per month without **injury to health.** Send **6c.** in stamps for sealed circulars covering testimonials. **L. E. Marsh Co. 2315 Madison Sq., Philada., Pa.** MADE **ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS.** Simply **stopping** the **fat** producing effects of food. The supply being stopped, the natural working of the system draws on the fat and *reduces weight* **at once.** **Sold by all Druggists.** LEAN

Who was your Great=Grandfather ?

If you have Colonial or Revolutionary blood in your veins you may be eligible to membership in one of the **HEREDITARY PATRIOTIC SOCIETIES.**

These memberships are highly prized all over the United States by the men and women who are fortunate enough to be eligible.

Sample copy of a magazine containing particulars in regard to these societies *free upon application*. Address as below.

A thirty-two-page leaflet giving a full list of "Leading Events of the American Revolution,"—the first complete and accurate list of Revolutionary dates ever published, invaluable to teachers, students and others—will be sent on receipt of six two-cent stamps.

ADDRESS

THE SPIRIT OF '76
DEVOTED TO THE PRINCIPLES INCIDENTS AND MEN OF '76 AND COLONIAL TIMES

14 Lafayette Place, = NEW YORK CITY.

A WATCH FREE

— TO —

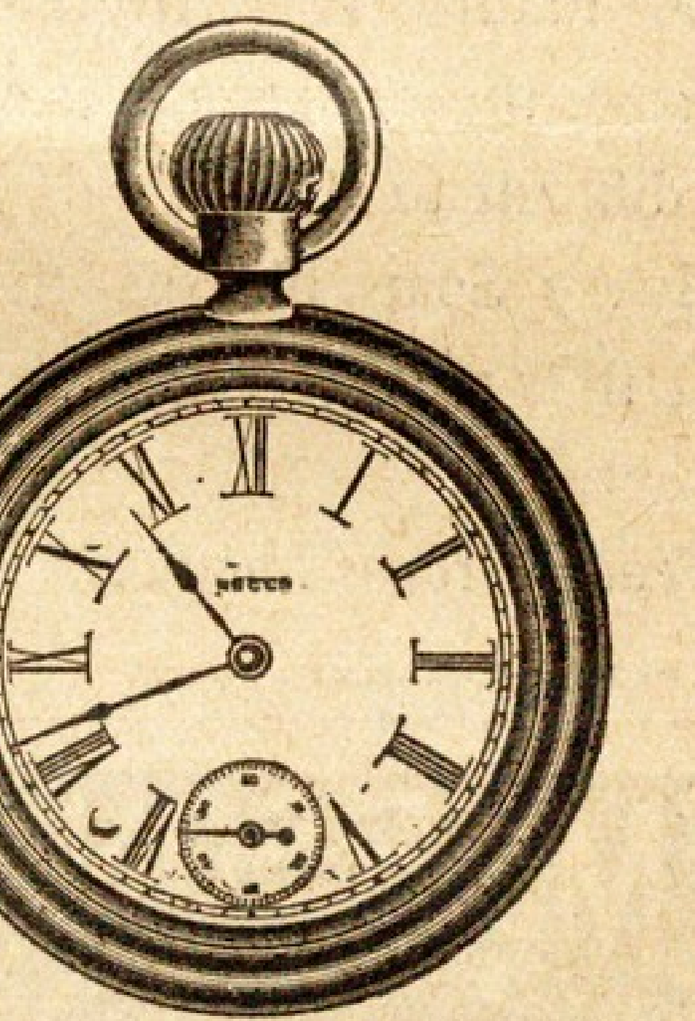
Boys and Girls.

The proprietors of the **New York Ledger** hereby offer to give, free of all cost, to any boy or girl who will sell

10 New York Ledgers

each week for 20 weeks the watch described below. If any boy or girl does not want to wait 20 weeks to get this watch, it can be secured by selling **20 Ledgers for 10 Weeks,** that is, averaging a sale of 20 copies for 10 weeks.

Free to Boys and Girls.



This watch is not a toy or sun-dial, but a serviceable timepiece, guaranteed by the manufacturer to be accurate and durable, which guarantee is assumed by us. It is a stem-winder and stem-setter, and comes in either a gilt or a nickel case, according to choice. It is sent securely packed, and in the box we place a serviceable chain. In the times of our grandfathers, such a watch, even if it could have been made, would have cost a considerable sum of money. This watch is not for sale, but is sent free, postpaid, as a gift to every boy and girl who sells the number of copies of the New York *Ledger* required by the above offer, namely, an average of 10 copies for 20 weeks, or an average of 20 copies for 10 weeks.

WANTED

Bright Boys and Girls

— TO —

Sell the New York Ledger Every Week.

Big Pay for Little Work.

The New York *Ledger* has had so many applications from boys and girls throughout the country wanting to sell the *Ledger* by the week, as well as by subscription for the year, we have decided to establish wide-awake young agents in every town in the country.

We Want an Active Worker in Every Place.

Hundreds of smart boys and girls in every locality have several hours' spare time each week.

Read Our Plan.

We want just such ones to work for us a little while every week selling *Ledgers* at 5 cents each—selling the old, reliable, original and best story paper published—the New York *Ledger*.

No Possible Risk.

Our young agents take no possible risk. We send a bundle of *Ledgers* every week, and they sell them like hot cakes at 5 cents each. Every one wants the New York *Ledger* as soon as given an opportunity to examine and read a copy of it.

The Ledger Free.

If the postmaster or any responsible party will send us the name of a smart boy or girl to sell the *Ledger* every week in his town, we will put an extra *Ledger* in the agent's bundle each week, to be delivered free to the party appointing the agent so long as the agent sells the *Ledger*.

Send us the name of a smart boy or girl at once. Have them fill out the coupon below and send it at once:

..........................189

I hereby agree to act from date as agent for the New York *Ledger*, and to sell the same to ladies, farmers and others at 5 cents a copy every week, and that I will report not later than the Monday after each package is received, on blank furnished me, and remit 3 cents for each copy I sell or deliver to subscribers, and will keep all unsold copies, to be returned as instructed.

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Address..........................

State..........................

How many papers first week..........................

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IT FLOATS

A luxury is "Anything which pleases the senses and is also costly or difficult to obtain."

Ivory Soap pleases the senses, but it is neither costly nor difficult to obtain.

Your Grocer keeps it.

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50.000 SOLD
SUPERIOR QUALITY, MODERATE PRICES.
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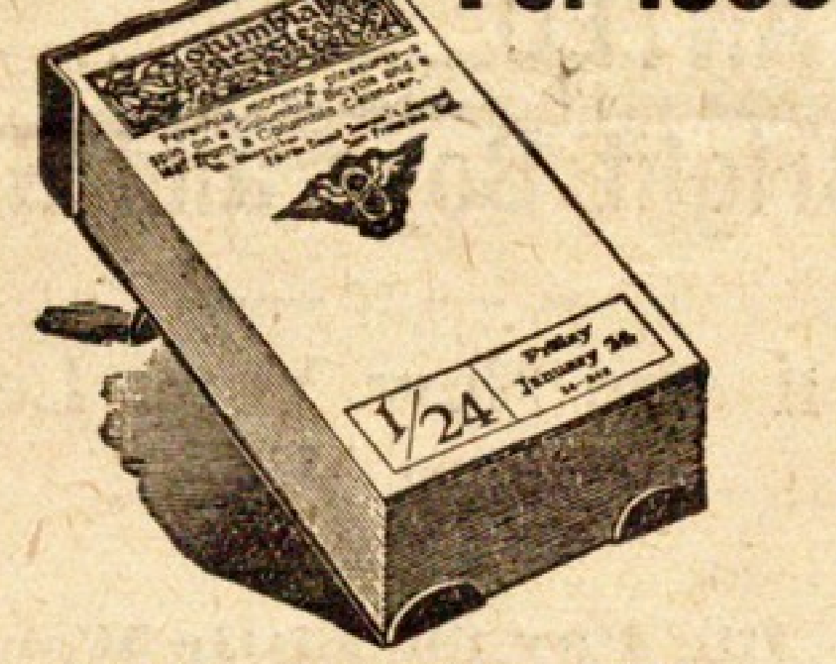

The Columbia Bicycle Pad Calendar For 1896

YOU NEED IT.

A Desk Calendar is a necessity—most convenient kind of storehouse for memoranda. The Columbia Desk Calendar is brightest and handsomest of all—full of dainty pen sketches and entertaining thoughts on outdoor exercise and sport. Occasionally reminds you of the superb quality of Columbia Bicycles and of your need of one. You won't object to that, of course. The Calendar will be mailed for five 2-cent stamps.

Address Calendar Department,
POPE MANUFACTURING CO.,
HARTFORD, CONN.

NAPKIN RINGS.

Handsome and heavily plated, $1.50 per dozen. Sample 15 cents.

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A FEW FACTS.

FLORIDA.

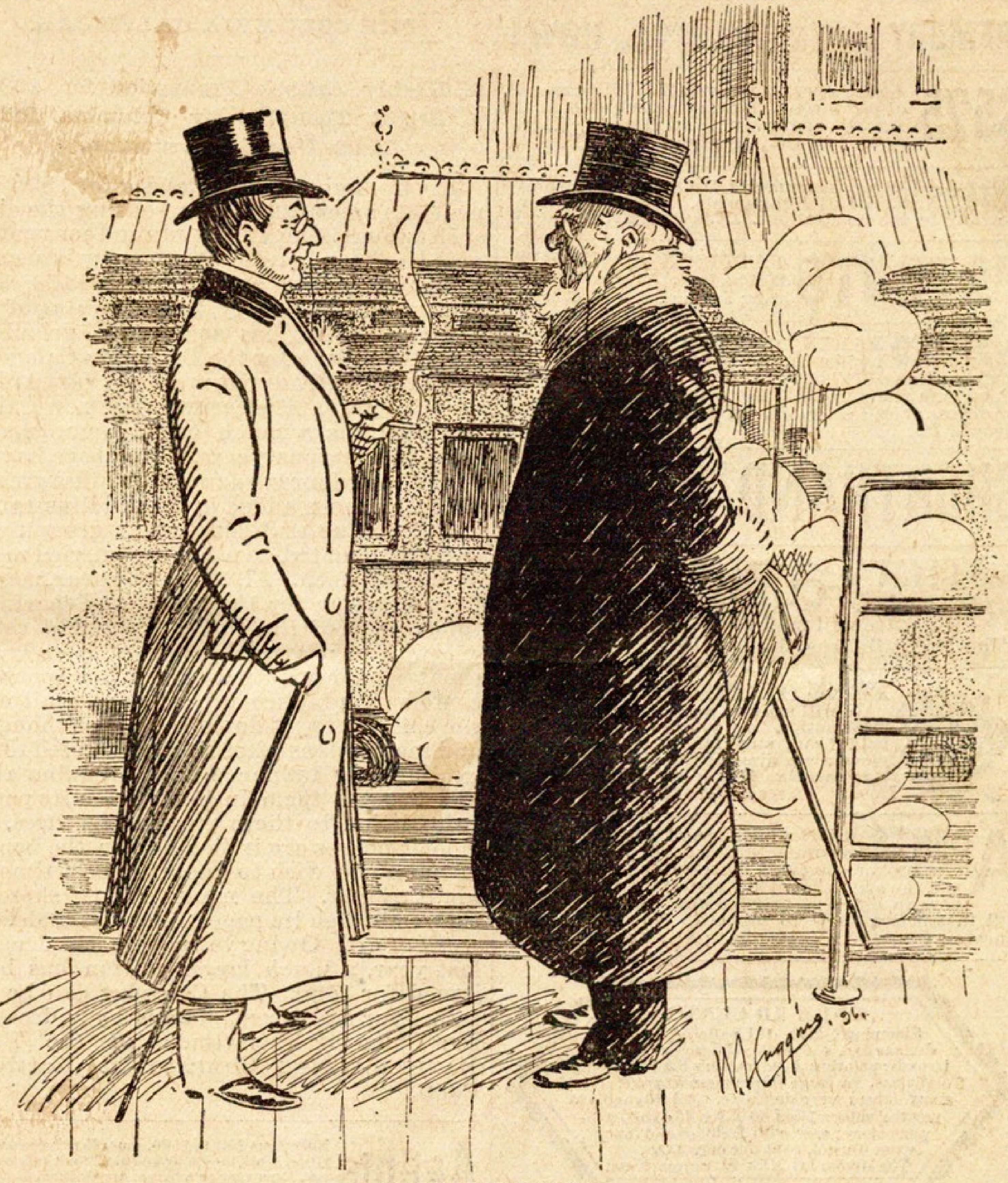
Those who contemplate a winter's trip to this amiable climate will bear in mind the

BIG FOUR ROUTE

is the "Best Line" geographically and substantially from all points East, Northeast, North, Northwest and West. Solid trains of magnificent Wagner Buffet Sleeping Cars, Buffet Parlor Cars, elegant Coaches and Dining Cars daily from New York, Boston, Buffalo, Cleveland, Columbus, Sandusky, Chicago, St. Louis, Peoria, Indianapolis and intermediate points to Cincinnati, where direct connection is made in Central Union Station without transfer across the city, with Through Trains of Pullman Sleeping Cars to Jacksonville, via the Queen & Crescent Route and Louisville & Nashville Railway.

For full particulars call on Agent "Big Four Route" or address

E. O. McCORMICK, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
D. B. MARTIN, Gen'l Pass & Ticket Agt.


W. Kuggins. 96.

THE REASON.

FRIEND: Why is it that your son rides to business in a cab, and you always go on the "L?"

OLD GENTLEMAN: Well, he has a rich father and I haven't.

If you want a sure relief for pains in the back, side, chest, or limbs, use an

Allcock's Porous Plaster

BEAR IN MIND—Not one of the host of counterfeits and imitations is as good as the genuine.

Waverley BICYCLES.

HALF NICKEL FRONT FORK

ARE THE CHOICE OF EXPERIENCED RIDERS,

Those who have learned to know the difference between a wheel that actually is high grade, and one that is simply claimed to be. Others may be good, but the Waverley is the **Highest of all High Grades.**

REWARD of a new Waverley Scorcher is offered to each person who recovers a stolen '96 Waverley during 1896, payable upon presentation to us of satisfactory proof of the facts and the sentence of the thief. This reward is open to every one excepting the owner of the stolen wheel, but is not payable to more than one person in any case.

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G. N. Co. HAS 200 ACRES. 1,000,000 TREES AND PLANTS.

SACRIFICE PRICE

For Standard Bartlett and Dwarf Duchesse Pear Trees; also, Richmond Cherry.

100 CARLOADS OF PLANTS AND VINES at Hard Times Prices.

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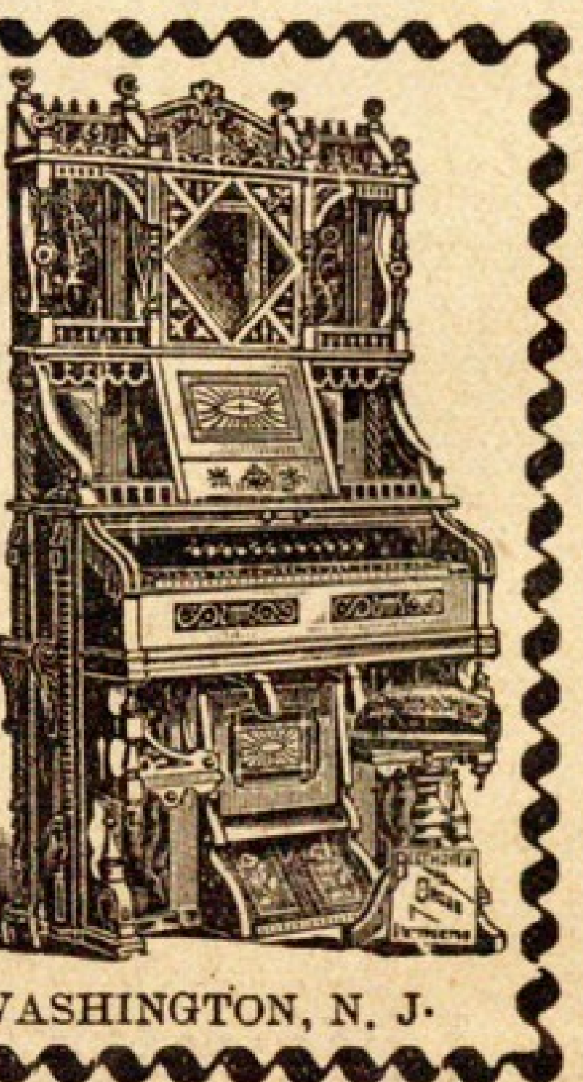
One year Cherry Trees $5.00 per 100. York State Prune. Rochester, N. Y.

Specialties, Red Cross Currant; Loudon Red Raspberry; Wilder Early Pear; large English Gooseberries. 80-page Catalogue, also copy of Green's Fruit Grower mailed free on application.



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If you want to buy on instalments,
BUT DON'T BUY UNTIL YOU Write Us.

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P. O. Box 824, WASHINGTON, N. J.

.....Scott's Emulsion

Will Cure A Stubborn Cough

when ordinary specifics fail. It restores strength to the weakened organs and gives the system the force needed to throw off the disease.

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An Elegant garden of the best named varieties of. . SWEET PEAS

We will send one quarter pound to any addres
postpaid for TEN CENTS in stamps.

Hillside Nursery, Somerville, Mass.

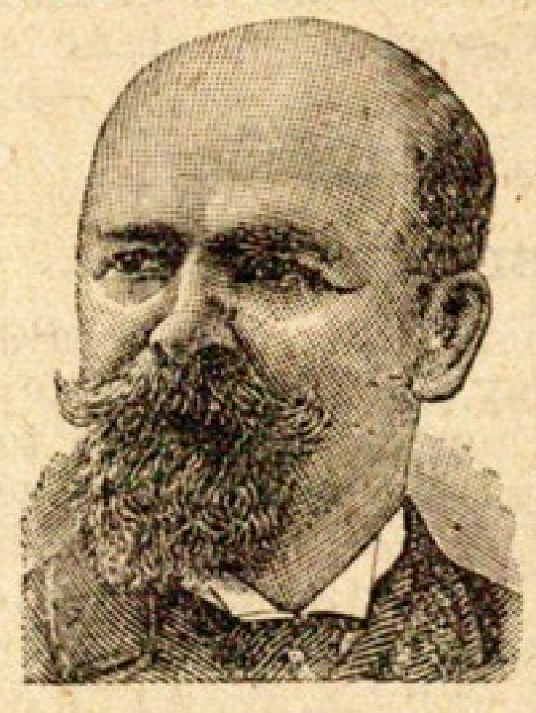
IF YOU WANT THE BEST GARDEN

in your neighborhood this season

PLANT OUR FAMOUS SEEDS AND PLANTS

all of which are described and illustrated in our beautiful and entirely **New Catalogue for 1896.** A new feature this season is the **Free** delivery of Seeds at Catalogue prices to any Post Office. This **"New Catalogue"** we will mail on receipt of a 2-cent stamp, or to those who will state where they saw this advertisement, the Catalogue will be mailed **Free!**

PETER HENDERSON & CO.
35 & 37 Cortlandt St., New York.



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Since the death of the author of "Old Ma'm selle's Secret," Werner is the most popular o living German writers. Her novels are writte with great literary ability, and possess the char of varied character, incident and scenery. "Th Northern Light" is one of her most characteristi stories. The heroine is a woman of great beaut and strength of individuality. No less interes ing is the young poet who, from beginning t end, constantly piques the curiosity of the reade

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